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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THEY KEPT HER FEET DRY.

THE HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE OF TWO PITTSBURG DUDES SAVES A FAVORITE ACTRESS' FINE LINEN FROM POLLUTION BY THE FLOOD.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
**SATURDAY, March 1, 1884.**

**IMPORTANT NOTICE!**

**THE POLICE GAZETTE**  
AND  
**Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings**  
ARE THE ONLY PAPERS  
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

How is our Sullivan picture-gallery?

It will be a dry day when Cincinnati gets left by the floods.

If England don't own Egypt before the year is out, it won't be England's fault.

LOGAN is indorsed by the colored vote. Can it be possible that he is the dark horse?

BILLY MCGILROY may believe in the stars yet, but you can bet your boots he is down on the stripes.

THERE are 348 theatres in Great Britain. No wonder she turns out so many bad actors to send to America.

THEY have got a new President down in Ecuador, and the usual revolution may be looked for any day.

THERE is going to be a riot over in Jersey if the temperance fanatics persist in trying to knock old apple-jack out.

A TORNADO struck Waco, Texas, the other day and destroyed several houses. Waco is now wiped off of the maps.

As if the floods were not a sufficient affliction in themselves, Col. Will S. Hayes has gone and written a "poem" about them.

THE chess cranks of Canada are now happy. Dr. Zukertort is making it warm enough for them in Montreal without furs.

SAN FRANCISCO supports her claim to being as fashionable a city as New York by coming to the fore with a bogus divorce mill.

FRENCH civilization is making rapid advances in the tropics. Murders and assassinations are increasing on the Isthmus of Panama daily.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., is infested with petty thieves. It is not a big enough place yet to offer any encouragement to full-grown marauders.

M. B. LEAVITT is in bigger luck than Jeffreys-Lewis, if the announcement that the latter is to star under his management next year is true.

TOM KEENE gave such a powerful performance of Richard III., in New Haven, that he broke through the stage. This is heavy tragedy indeed.

TEMPERANCE orators are at a discount in the West, just now. The man who opens his head in favor of cold water in any form and for any use, is doomed.

TEN thousand copies of the first edition of the Queen's Diary were sold the first day. If the book had not been written by the Queen it would never even have been published.

THEY are having a moral spasm in Russia, just now, and indicting dishonest army officials if they indict all the crooked men in the service, the army will be left without officers.

FOURTEEN years ago a ten-year-old girl in Troy had a leg cut off by a train on the Hudson River Railroad. She sued for damages, and last week got a verdict of \$7,500. The railroad company will probably appeal again, and the woman it crippled will be in luck if she does not have to assign her damages to her heirs in her will.

**Isn't "Contraband News" an eye-opener?**

THERE is a great stir in Paris over the discovery of gambling in one of the clubs. Paris is a terribly wicked city. There is no such a thing as gambling in our New York clubs. Oh, no!

THE Elks had a great ball last Thursday night, but then they always do things on a grand scale, anyhow. The order is a noble one, and it is gratifying to know that anything it is concerned in is the success it should be.

THE Public Ledger Almanac for 1884, published by Mr. Geo. W. Childs, is full of valuable information, especially in regard to the local events in the Quaker City during the past year. It is an essential to every business office.

GEORGE W. CARRE is seriously ill. He went to stop a few weeks at Mark Twain's house, and that settled him. No one but a deaf-and-dumb man could stand Mark for breakfast, dinner and tea forty-eight consecutive hours.

A MAGICIAN was arrested here, the other day, for passing bogus checks, and he performed some edifying and interesting feats in the station-house. But he could not perform the feat of unlocking his cell door and setting himself free, and will have a chance to practice that new bit of business against the period when it becomes necessary for him to utilize it again.

Now that Tourgueneff is dead, the public is discovering that he was a great novelist. And indeed he was—one of the greatest. He was the closest approach to a Dickens that Russia will ever turn out, and if Russia was a civilized country, and did not make it a crime for a man to use his brains for the public good, there is no telling how great Tourgueneff might have been.

THE sad end of the actress who died in Bellevue with her pug dogs to take her family's place at her death-bed, is a significant commentary on the social condition of the dramatic world. The dead actress is only one of a numerous body, all going to the devil as fast as rum and opium can carry them, to gratify a loose and lawless spirit of independence to social duties which renders them a curse to themselves, their families and society.

INFORMATION is desired of Hank Mettler, a native of Ohio, over fifty years of age, and a plasterer by trade. Will one of his three brothers, Lem West or George, or any one else conversant with the matter, answer to this paper. It is especially desired to know if he has ever been married, and if so, when and where, and whether his wife is living. Address X., POLICE GAZETTE Editorial Department, New York city.

THE discovery of the divorce mill in the Brooklyn Supreme Court is a surprise to no one who knows anything about the way divorcees are procurable in New York. When you can buy one for no cause whatever for a few dollars it is time to suspect that something is a little off somewhere. The advertising divorce lawyers are the biggest skins unjalled, and any one who intrusts his or her business to them deserves to be fooled. People who have legitimate grounds for divorce can obtain it. Those who haven't will get left every time unless they have exceptional luck.

ACCORDING to the latest reports of the breach of promise suit brought by Miss Fortescue, the actress, against the noodle son of Lord Cairns, the Duke of Richmond was mainly instrumental in the dissolution of young Lord Garmoye's engagement. He opposed it on the ground that no actress would be received at Court. It is a fortunate thing for the Duke of Richmond that things were not so in Charles the Seconds' time. Otherwise the bastards the King had by his French mistress would have been link-boys and crossing-sweepers instead of noblemen, and their descendant, the noble Duke aforesaid, would probably be selling cats' meat instead of unsettling marriages and poking his dirty finger into a pie which does not concern him.

THE Judiciary Committee in the Senate reported favorably the bill introduced by Senator Campbell to limit the liability of dealers in newspapers. This bill provides that an action, civil or criminal, cannot be maintained against a reporter, editor, publisher or proprietor of a newspaper for the publication therein of a fair and true report of any judicial, legislative or other public and official proceedings without proving actual malice in making the report, nor shall any action for or on account of any libel published in a newspaper be maintained on the sole ground that defendants, as a newsdealer, sold such paper or papers. It is high time such a bill existed in force. Our libel laws are a disgrace to the code. If they were strictly enforced it would be impossible to publish a paper in America more interesting than a theatrical programme.

THE Mormons are now marching through Georgia and are taking all the pretty girls with them. The last attraction of Georgia as a State worth living in will soon be gone, unless the recruiting of the Latter Day Saints is stopped.

THE newest agony in fashionable society is blowing soap-bubbles. This exciting game is said to have made total wrecks of quite a number of our dudes. Whether they were killed by being struck with the bubbles or blew themselves into consumption making them is not stated.

EMMA ABBOTT, who, a couple of years ago, wouldn't sing "La Traviata" because the heroine was a harlot, now wears dresses cut so bias that her spine and her scapula are exposed to the breezes of the stage at a quite shocking rate. If she keeps on at this rate we shall probably find her adding "The Black Venus" to her repertory.

STANDING BEAR is a level-headed savage. After seeing how much money the white storekeepers make by trading with the Indians he wants to open a store himself. Good luck to him. If any one has a right to swindle poor Lo, it ought to be one of his own people. The Caucasian has had the monopoly of skinning him long enough.

THE reception of the Thomas Jefferson Association, of the Fourth Assembly District, was held at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, on Monday, Feb. 18. The music, under the direction of P. S. Gilmore, was beyond praise, and the arrangements generally perfect. The reception was largely attended, and ranks among the successes of the season.

A WOMAN was arrested here the other day, and underneath her clothing there was also a man's. She had further a pistol, a slung-shot, and a richly-jeweled dagger to protect her in her lonely journeying through a cold and wicked world. By all the indications she would make a fine heroine for a dime novel, or a play for some artist of the class Ella Wesner represents.

ALLAN PINKERTON, the famous detective, is busily engaged in finishing his strikingly interesting book, "Thirty Years a Detective," soon to be published by G. W. Carleton & Co. This work will be the masterpiece of the great detective and author, and will contain an exhaustive resume of all the criminal practices known at the present time. What the author don't know about crooked dodges and sinuous devices would make a very small book indeed.

THE emasculated American swells who make Paris their headquarters, must be excessively hard up for something to do. Their latest crank is an amateur circus, and it is said to have been quite edifying to see the dudes riding the pad act, arrayed in tulle skirts, and showing off the tricks of their pet dogs and ho ses. "If you've only got money enough, d—n the brains," George W. Prentiss used to say, and the more we see of fashionable life the truer the saying seems.

FOR barefaced cheek nothing we have ever heard of touches the management of Niblo's. They unblushingly announced to the press that Henry Ward Beecher had attended their show to see Mrs. Langtry at a time when he was in Boston lecturing, and when expostulated with about the lie gave the reporters the grand laugh. A nice crowd are these theatrical managers of New York, especially when they graduate into the theatrical business from behind a ginmill bar, or the counter of a dolly shop in Petticoat Lane.

THE shooting of young Andre by Jennie Almy, and her subsequent suicide, was one of the romances which are constantly bubbling to the surface of the metropolitan pot. From all the information the police and reporters have unearthed about the girl, she is better off dead than alive, and if Andre escapes with his life he will have saved himself a life of misery at the expense of a wound. No one can blame a young man for declining to bind himself irrevocably to a woman with such a record. It would be worse than suicide.

THERE was a great hurrah here at the time young Conkling shot the man with whom his sister was living in the Paris flats. The shooter was held up as an example of brotherly devotion, and there was the usual amount of sentimental gush about his sister. No one had any sympathy for the dead man, though he appeared to have been a better friend to his mistress than her husband or her own family. Instead of reforming after her chivalric brother had undertaken to wash her sin out in her lover's blood, the woman went down hill to the devil more rapidly than ever, till after a brief period of common dissipation, she died from her indulgence in morphine last week. She died in a lodging-house, without decent clothing, or money to buy food. The man whom her brother "rescued" her from, at least kept her in comfort if not affluence.

**SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.**

**Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Culled from Many Sources.**

SINCE an Idaho girl has been hugged by a bear she says her fellow is no good.

THERE is a widespread contest over who shall be the champion light-weight grocer.

IT is true that one swallow does not make a summer; but too many swallows of the right kind of stuff often make a fall.

THERE is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

A LITTLE six-year old orphan, upon being asked to name the leading festival in the church, replied, "The strawberry festival."

A NEW camp in the Yellowstone bears the startling name "O Hell!" You have to signal that station by turning the telephone upside down.

WHEN Clara was asked what she would do if a nice young gentleman would ask her hand in marriage, she naively replied, "I don't think I'd do."

SAYS an experienced bachelor: "The best thing to take when you go to kiss a pretty girl—take time. The more you take the better she likes it."

BOARDING-HOUSE lady to new lodger: "How did you sleep last night, sir?" "I was very restless, madam; and I fear I kept your bugs awake all night."

"WHEN I was a boy," said Thackeray, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling; I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling; but I didn't want any taffy."

A DRINKING man upon reading in a novel that the heroine's beautiful face "colored with pleasure," remarked: "Now I know what's the matter with my nose."

"Did you put it in with tacks or putty?" asked a merchant traveler for a Pittsburg glass house, as he gazed in an absent-minded way at the hotel clerk's diamond.

A PHILADELPHIA organist has been discharged for playing (though very slowly and solemnly) a march from an opera bouffe. Seventeen deacons recognized it at once.

"THERE are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught." We are more inclined to believe this after seeing the suckers some of the girls have been catching since leap year began.

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't fail to be at the singing-school to-night." George wrote back that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as "fail."

"I DO wish you would come home earlier, said a woman to her husband. 'I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine there's somebody in the house; but when you're here I know there ain't.'"

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed "Horror of 1884," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only \$7 a week, he said it had better remain under that head.

THERE is in Africa a river called Kissimelonga. The dusky belles who wander along its banks in company with their ebony sweethearts, have a great habit of murmuring the name of the stream as they gaze at the stars.

AN exchange comes to us with a poem entitled "How to Kiss" marked in blue pencil. Either the author is blinded proud of his production, or else he thinks we don't know how to do it—in either of which he is 'way off.

A SWELL, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed: "Make them cover the calf." "Impossible!" exclaimed the astonished shoe-maker, surveying his customer from head to foot; "ain't leather enough in my shop!"

DISRAELI said a short time before his death: "You cannot convert fifteen thousand tons into twenty thousand tons." This will cause ice-dealers to smile until the corners of their mouths get all tangled up on the backs of their necks.

IN the ruins of Pompeii the remains of a man with a satisfied smile on his face and four Jacks grasped in his dried-up hand have been unearthed. The workmen are now digging away vigorously for the other fellow, to see what he held.

"So your husband is a contractor. In what particular line is he?" "In the debt line." "In the debt line?" "Yes, he has contracted about \$10,000 worth of debts during the last two years. Everybody says he is very successful in his business."

A HANDSOME young lady entered a draper's and asked for a bow. The polite shopman threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "You! But I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

SEVERAL of the States propose to establish the whipping-post for wife-beaters. It shouldn't be done. When men become so fastidious as to demand public posts to which to lash their wives while whipping them, they should be entirely deprived of the healthful amusement.

HE was quite inebriated, and was having the old difficulty with the keyhole, when his wife suddenly opened the door and sternly said: "A pretty plight you're in! Have you lost all sense of shame?" "Guess not, my dear," he stammered; "don't seem to miss anything but the (hic) keyhole."

A MONTANA belle, being asked by a Bismarck man if they possessed any culture out her way, replied: "Culture? You bet your variegated socks we do! We can sling more culture to the square foot in Helena than they kin in any camp in America. Culture! O, loosen my corsets till I smile!"

"PLEASE, sir," said the bell-boy to a Texas hotel clerk. "No. 40 says there ain't no towel in his room." "Tell him to use one of the window-curtains." "He says, too, there ain't no pillars." "Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head." "And he wants a pitcher of water." "Suffering in Cyrus! But he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life! Carry him up the horse-pail." "He wants to know if he can have a light." "Here, confound him! Give him this lantern and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried on only one side or turned over."



## STAGE WHISPERS.

## Ins and Outs in the Gay and Giddy Dramatic World.

## Piquant Morsels from the Histrionic Table, Saved from the Garbage Boxes of Union Square.

**TOWNSEND.**—Mr. George Alfred Townsend is now working what is known as "the theatrical racket."

**CLAXTON.**—Kate Claxton was presented by her company, the other day, with a superb solid silver horse-shoe.

**HARROLD.**—Lizzie Harrold, having recuperated her health and her finances, is chucking away her husband's money once more.

**PAPPENHEIM.**—Mme. Pappenheim, one of the most unfortunate as she is one of the cleverest of operatic artists, is once more out of an engagement.

**STUART.**—Helen Stuart's company has been disbanded on account of the "star's" illness. The business which she played to made her more than sick, it seems.

**MCCAULL.**—John McCaull has accepted an American comic opera by "two well-known gentlemen." Donn Platt's "Keno" is possibly the great work alluded to.

**CAMPBELL.**—Owing to the success of "Separation" at the Union Square, Bartley Campbell has changed his mind about becoming a subject of the German Kaiser.

**ROCHE.**—Poor Augusta Roche has grown positively ugly since her domestic troubles. She ought to take a year's holiday and try and get her cheeks rounded once more.

**EDWARDS.**—Mrs. Welsh Edwards has gone to join her husband in a world where necessitous players are unknown and the Actors' Fund is barred by the statute of Spiritual Limitations.

**HOG-GUESSING.**—Some stupid penny-a-liner, in commenting on the fact that the weight of a hog is to be guessed at Harry Hill's place, takes it for granted that George Fortescue is not traveling this season.

**CASTLETON.**—It is said by those who enjoy the pleasure of her acquaintance that Kate Castleton has added some phrases to her vocabulary, which would make even a negro's hair curl in the wrong direction.

**LOTTA.**—The very latest rumor about Lotta is to the effect that she went to England with no other object than to hunt up Cecil Rayne and marry him. It is also rumored that Rayne has accepted her offer of her hand and heart.

**TRUTH.**—Frank Evans and Theodore Hamilton are partners in a "Truth" Company. Hamilton, who, as everybody knows, is a second George Washington for veracity, claims to have written the play and found the money.

**MURPHY.**—Miss Fannie Murphy, a charming Texan operatic amateur, has introduced a new advertising gag which would not disgrace a professional. She claims to have received a box of poisoned candles after an operatic performance.

**STEVENS.**—John A. Stevens, the Slave of Passion, has got Sara Jewett, Jeffreys-Lewis and Agnes Booth all under his managerial wing. The most superficial observer is obliged to note the fact that John looks ten years older in consequence.

**SULLIVAN.**—Sir Arthur Sullivan has recovered entirely from his paralytic stroke, which London doctors attributed, in large part, to his habitual cigarette smoking and his late hours. Frederick Clay, however, shows no signs of mending.

**BROWN.**—It is very pleasant to be assured by the society editors of the various dramatic papers that "Col. Allison Brown is going to Europe." The general joy is mitigated, however, by the fact that they forget to add whether or not he is going to stay there.

**WAITRESSES.**—It is reported from Council Bluffs, Iowa, that the choristers of the disbanded Chicago Church Choir Company are officiating as waitresses in a local hotel. This is said to be the most agreeable kind of stage wait ever known in Council Bluffs.

**HAWLEY.**—Hughson Hawley, the brilliant young artist, whom Tom Whiffen brought from England, has had a large fortune left him. He scarcely needed it, for he makes more money with his pencil than all the other water-color and distemper painters in town.

**COGHAN.**—Mrs. and Miss Coghlan, the wife and daughter of the eminent leading man who was so wonderfully revived by Messrs. Shook & Collier, when at his last gasp, professionally speaking, have returned to England. Miss Gerard, it is understood, did not go with them.

**LONSDALE.**—H. B. Lonsdale, a big, good-looking fellow, who used to be an officer in the English army, and afterward became business manager of the Standard theatre, has joined John Stetson's forces. In this particular instance John has done a good thing for himself.

**GRIFFIN.**—"Ham" Griffin having been asked by an English "swell" whether there was any truth in the statement that "Miss Anderson is wedded to her Art," replied, purple with rage: "By Gawd, sah! That navel was no such fellah allowed around her, by Gawd, sah!"

**CULLY.**—"The wild Western wag who started the jocular story that John P., better known as 'Cully' Smith, is 'the most popular manager in the business,' has received several good offers to edit a New York comic paper. 'Cully' Smith, by the way, has got a new star almost ready for the road.

**BELDEN.**—A charming leading lady taken away from her lodgings in an ambulance, and put in a padded cell at Bellevue Hospital is the latest ornament of the American stage. It is interesting to see just how far actors and actresses can go to advance the honor and fame of their profession.

**KIDDER.**—The tremendous success of "Three of a Kind" doesn't seem to have brought about any undue enlargement of Ed Kidder's always expansive

cerebrum. He bears his honors with great modesty, and, so far as can be detected by a cursory inspection, wears just the same-sized hat as usual.

**LANGTRY.**—Charley Mendum, the Chesterfield of managers, says that Mrs. Langtry will clear over \$75,000 this season. Let us hope that her urbane manager will get a fair share of it, for he has done more for her, at reduced prices, in a second season, than Abbey did with all his flapdoodle and flummery.

**GOATCHEE.**—The fact that Phil. Goatchee has been re-engaged as the scenic artist of Wallack's theatre suggests the probability that he will have a lot of work to do, and will, therefore, have no time to go round promising, after his usual habit, water color sketches, which, also, after his usual habit, he never "gives up."

**BANDMANN.**—Daniel Bandmann is shortly expected in San Francisco, and threatens to play round the country. This is a prospective calamity second only to an announcement that the cholera will be here next year. Bandmann, by the way, has sustained his reputation as a brawler by constant fracas and brief imprisonments during his Asiatic tour.

**MILN.**—A fair idea can be conveyed of the personal charms and graces of the Rev. Hamlet C. Miln, the new Shakespearean star, when it is stated that he looks like Roger A. Pryor laid up with the colic. The first impression he makes on his audience is that it must be a pretty tough "ghost" that won't jump over the parapet at the mere sight of him.

**PHILLIPS.**—Why doesn't some wide-awake, intelligent manager lasso Gus Phillips, get him a good dialect play and take him round the country? Gus, who used to be a vile actor, is one of the best Dutch comedians on the stage, and his personal popularity with newspaper men is boundless. Gus Williams wouldn't be in the same street with him if the other Gus ever got a fair show.

**STETSON.**—Poor John! No sooner does he arrange to transfer the one success of his season, "Confusion" to wit, to the so-called Comedy theatre, than in jumps Inspector Esterbrook and orders a brick fire-proof wall to be put up—a job which will certainly take all the balance of the season. The motive of Haverly's "skip" is easily seen now that the murder is out. Smart Haverly!

**STEBBINS.**—A curious misprint in a St. Louis newspaper spoke of Miss Genevieve Stebbins, the leading lady of the "Lights of London" company, as "the real founder" of the "Union Square theatre." As a matter of fact, she founded the original Madison Square theatre, contributing about \$18,000 toward it, through Steele Mackaye, Esq. Her name then, "in religion," so to speak, was "Agnes Loring."

**SEMBRICH.**—Mme. Sembrich goes back to Europe in April, beaming with delight and confident that next year she will be received even more enthusiastically than she has been this season. Poor misguided woman! Let her contemplate the way Gerster has been forgotten and neglected by our fickle public, and take warning. If she will postpone her return ten years and start out on a tour of everlasting "farewells," she will do a great deal better.

**EMMETT.**—Emmett's popularity is decidedly on the wane. His recent engagement at the Fourteenth Street theatre proved that beyond a doubt. The public may be an ass, but there are limits to its patience if not to its ears. It is extremely lucky for the convivial comedian—if you can call a fellow "convivial" who does most of his drinking alone—that he has got a business manager like George Wilton to look after his affairs and push him.

**ST. JOHN.**—Florence St. John, the divorced wife of Lithgow James, the melancholy barytone, has at last formally married Marius, for whose sake she went back on James. Marius, having read in an American dramatic paper that James had started for London to thrash him, swore out a "bodily fear" complaint, and had poor James laid under heavy bonds to keep the peace as soon as he landed on the Liverpool dock.

**FULTON.**—A chap named Fulton is working the ticket-agents of the various railroads and getting passes, on the strength of contracting for thirty-five of "Her Majesty's Royal Court Minstrels," an organization which exists only in his very vivid imagination. Mr. Fulton, if he keeps out of jail, will become a prominent theatrical manager in fact as well as in fiction. He seems to, at all events, possess one of the principal qualifications.

**"GUMBOLL."**—Lord "Gumboll," as he is facetiously called in London, isn't going to marry the enchanting Miss Fortescue after all. Those who had the pleasure of seeing Miss Fortescue when she was a member of the operatic company of the New York Standard theatre, were quite at a loss to see where the attraction lay. Miss Fortescue has brought suit for breach of promise, all the same, and his Lordship of the Dental Abscess will probably have to pay her \$5,000—which is not dear, really.

**JEFFREYS-LEWIS.**—It is announced that Jeffreys-Lewis and her husband, one Matland, have made up their differences and are living together once more. This is such a wide departure from the usual rule in theatrical domesticity that the POLICE GAZETTE delightedly gives it the publicity of these columns. In like manner are the sweetly suggestive Catherine Lewis and the willowy Alfredsdohn re-united, while a large force of able-bodied detectives is on a still hunt after ex-Propertyman Nixon.

**WINTER.**—The one vicious, brutal and ferocious article written on Tom Keene by a New York "critic" came from wee Willie Winter. Next time Keene comes here, Hayden will know enough to "specially engage" "Petsy Percy," the promising son of his father—just as Barrett does. Or, if he can't get Barrett to let him have the use of Percy, Hayden can revive Augustin Daly's dodge and give Mrs. Winter a show. There are more ways of scotching a critic than letting him skin you.

**MASSENEY.**—The new opera of "Herodias" introduces John the Baptist as one of the characters. It will be interesting to see what the people who denounced and resisted the "Passion Play" will do when Mapleson or Grau, as the case may be, will bring it out in New York next year—a moral certainty, owing to the fact that it is an enormous success in Paris. One of the features of the opera is a ballet of Jewish maidens, who dance in Solomon's temple. Krality, who has a lot of the original dances of that era in his company, says he will gladly lend them to heighten the realism of the performance.

**MANSFIELD.**—Richard of the Swollen Head, or, as he is known in compliment to his mitey intel-

lect, "Richard of Double Gloster," ought to have taken that steamer to his native Hingland, and thus escaped making such a horrible failure as he has achieved in "The Alpine Roses." His *Rasco*, however, has had one admirable result—Richard can easily wear, once more, the hats of uninflated youth. Knox, who wanted to "star" him through the trade as "The Champion Block-Head," has washed his hands of the bargain, and declares that there is no money in such an elastic and unreliable cranium.

**GATE.**—The entrance gate of the Star theatre was carried away the other day. Bill Mestayer and Jim Barton thoughtlessly tried to pass each other. The rumor that Mestayer had exploded filled the audience with very natural consternation, and things looked pretty panicky for a few moments. When Mestayer, however, entered the house sideways, as usual, confidence was completely restored. Theodore Moss, by the way, insists that, out of consideration for his landlord, he cannot consent to have Barton and Mestayer both at one performance. Either one of them causes the rafters to sag if he bangs around much.

**FEMALE DUDE.**—Georgie Latour (Georgie Wyble), the "female dude," who won a prize in a Bowery museum some three months ago as the "champion female dude," and who had also been connected with the Lovenburg Bell-ringers and the burned Standard theatre, was charged at the Yorkville Police Court, Feb. 4, by her mother, with leaving home and seeking bad company. The girl, who is seventeen years of age, was finally allowed to go home with her mother. As soon as the general public, as well as the "artists" parents possess the right of prosecuting young women for going on the stage, the millennium can be counted on as coming this way.

**SKELETON.**—They are exhibiting now in London a Neapolitan lady, twenty-five years of age, Signora Vanatelli, as near a parody of the living skeleton as is possible to look at. She is about middle height, with a hatchet-edged face, ridged with a nose large enough for Goliath. This is her great feature, and suggests, as a contemporary puts it, that she has run into proboscis, as the Thibet sheep run into tail. She might be packed in a section of water-pipe. She is shaped from shoulder to toe like a four-square timber joist. The exhibitors say it is necessary to stuff her ankle-boots with cotton-wool, to keep the bones from slipping or grating at the joints. What a foil she would be to Janaschek!

## FISTIC GLORY.

How It Has Come To John L. Sullivan, and How He Enjoys It.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We present this week, in pictorial form, a succinct history of the pugilistic and social career of the successor of John C. Heenan. The public life of John L. Sullivan will be found summed up in our illustrations to a hair.

From time immemorial mankind has worshiped muscle. The strong and brave man has frequently met with more respect than the wise and good one. This is but natural. The deeds of the one are all apparent. We admire his strength as we catch a glimpse of his Herculean figure passing by. We admire his deeds as they are chronicled by the papers or public report, or as we see them.

If the wise and good man did his wise and benevolent work as openly, we would accord it credit, too.

The triumphs of John L. Sullivan have been the triumphs of a great physique, supplemented by a little art. Like the gladiator of old, his muscles and his skill in using them are his fortune. They have proved a pretty fair fortune to him so far, as every one knows.

Nor have they been entirely beneficial to himself. His victories and his popularity have given an impetus to physical sport unknown in this country for years. The interest in boxing matches of all kinds, from boy feather weights to famous heavy-weight bruisers, keeps on increasing constantly. The variety theatres even give exhibitions of child boxers. These midlets put on especially manufactured gloves, which are stuffed with cotton, and go through their paces in the shows along the Bowery. There are also women boxers of every degree of size, weight and color. Harry Hill recently had a tournament in which the "colored ladies" of the profession met and pummeled one another with considerable science and great vindictiveness. Still another tournament a couple of weeks ago decided the heavy-weight male boxing championship for negroes. All the English pugilists are coming to America, and prosperous saloons are adding to their prosperity by erecting platforms for nightly boxing exhibitions. A year ago there were only two or three places where sparring could be seen every night in New York. There are now dozens of sporting houses where the evening entertainments consist entirely of sparring contests.

Clarendon Hall was once a dancing academy, patronized by people of fashion and position. Some years ago dances were given there at regular intervals, but the only dancing done there now is by agile pugilists, dancing away from each other's fists. The public, and particularly that portion of it which is composed of young men and married men with a turn for athletics, is slowly becoming educated in pugilistic matters, so that it knows a good thing when it sees it. An obscure intimation in one of the sporting papers that two boxers whose names are a bit known expect to come together at Clarendon Hall on a certain evening will draw a thousand men to that building an hour before the encounter takes place.

The boxers may not care to admit it, but next to the enterprise of the POLICE GAZETTE in advancing the cause of sport, the development the fistic art enjoys to-day is due to the triumphant sweep John L. Sullivan has made of the field in which he has won notoriety and fortune.

Statuettes of Sullivan are to be found in many windows which formerly boasted the pictures of Mrs. Langtry, Mary Anderson and Maud Branscombe. Photographers say that they sell more pictures of Charles Mitchell and John L. Sullivan than they do of prominent actresses, and jewelers are busy manufacturing trophies, belts and medals. The daily papers are kept busy chronicling the various knock-outs about town, and not unfrequently glove fights claim more space in a morning paper than the tariff question, the Presidential outlook, the investigating committees and the new Aqueduct Commission combined. They chronicle desperate battles; the people read them, with avidity—at least it is supposed that they do, or else the reports would not be published.

When Sullivan returns, if he ever escapes the six-shooters of the West and gets here alive, he will find

plenty of work cut out for him. Men are turning up all over the country who are anxious to have a turn with the Boston gladiator. Some of them present qualifications which indicate that Sullivan is likely to have some difficulty in doing them up. Every man has his day, and the successor to the Boston Boy is bound to come. But no matter when or how the championship passes from his hands, John L. Sullivan will remain in history one of the giants of the ring. The record of his past cannot be wiped out.

## AN ADMIRER.

LETTERS TO RICHARD K. FOX, ESQ., BY "BOOKWORM."

DEAR EDITOR:—I wish to state  
My opinion of your publications,  
I've heard such queer complaints of late  
From people in all sorts of stations.  
I thought a word or two from me,  
Regarding such a serious matter,  
Would not be out of place (we'll see)  
And they all raising such a clatter.

The clergy claim that your GAZETTE  
Is not as pure as ocean's coral,  
And to a man will freely bet  
That your *Week's Doings* is immoral.  
They say you're ruining the youth  
Throughout this great and glorious nation,  
Because you never tell the truth—  
Alas! alas!! Prevarication.

Now, late advices say that they  
Are making earnest protestations  
Against the very vulgar way  
That you get up your illustrations.  
They try to make them out obscene,  
When no obscenity is present,  
Where white exists they call it green,  
And make an eagle out a pheasant.

Your "Whispers of the Stage" make all  
Scene-chewing actors feel uneasy—  
And every time the turn you call  
On bum hamfatters with coats greasy.  
The tramps who hang around "Der Square"  
You show up in existing colors,  
You tell us how they loaf, and stare  
At honest people, and *et cetera* dollars.

Your "Bill Poster," I'm glad to learn,  
Is on terms with the *literati*,  
And very readily can discern  
An actor from a ham from Hayti.  
He gives all sucker actors fits,  
He shakes them down from top to bottom,  
They often ask him to cry quits,  
But never can tell when they've got him.

Your "Prowler" is the boy that pries  
Into their chambers' deep recesses,  
And don't he open all their eyes  
When his opinion he expresses?  
And how he ever gets to them  
Is something they cannot discover.  
If it was only done *pro tem*,  
They'd feel much easier—every lover.

Your "Referee" makes no mistake  
In things pertaining to the fistic;  
He's with the times and wide awake,  
And does his business up artistic.  
On what he says we can rely.  
Of the sporting world he is a native;  
This is quite plain to any eye,  
He's so—he's so authoritative.

If he tells us that Bill can't fight,  
And with his mouth does all the fighting,  
We all feel sure that he is right;  
For why—he knows what he's inditing.  
He shows up all the crooked ways  
Resorted to by sluggers roaming;  
And when he says, Don't pay to gaze  
At this—why, don't—they're hippodroming.

The only trouble is, dear sir  
You tell too much plain truth to suit them,  
(Twere best to use them like a cur,  
And take them to a lot and shoot them.)  
No honest man may fear to read  
Your truthful journals issued weekly—  
For virtue they protect, indeed,  
And first offenders chasten meekly.

The helpless shop-girls you protect  
From vile, cold-blooded, lustful people;  
The moment one you do detect,  
You cry him high as any stepple.  
The lecherous rascals who do croak  
Religion from the pulpit daily,  
And hide beneath a Christian cloak,  
You show the world their actions scaly.

And hence it is they wish to see  
Your journals under a suppression;  
They cannot stand the truth, you see—  
It hurts them far beyond expression.  
But if, like you, they practiced more  
And preached less on religious beauty,  
On you they wouldn't feel so sore,  
Because you simply do your duty.

Now, in conclusion, Mr. Fox,  
I claim that you're a moral teacher;  
Keep sending in your heaviest knocks  
At every hypocrite and lecher;  
Protect the innocent—expose  
Unto the world the vile pursuits  
Of those who skulk 'neath Christian clothes—  
In your POLICE GAZETTE and *Doings*.

## NO TRAGEDY IN HIS.

A citizen of North Omaha who was employed in the U. P. shops, left his home on Monday night, Feb. 4, and went to the shops to do some extra night work. When he reached there the foreman had decided that they could get along without working that night, and the man accordingly returned home.

He had been absent about an hour, and upon entering his house surmised that an intruder had come during his absence. Proceeding to the room which his wife occupied he found the intruder there under circumstances which left no doubt of the wife's fidelity. Simply wishing them a good night the husband left the house. He did not return, and on Tuesday the wife in anxiety visited the paymaster to inquire if her husband had taken his time and was informed that he had not.

The next day, however, the husband did take his time and start for the West, leaving the guilty wife to shift for herself. The husband wanted "no tragedy in his."





FRANK V. CONANT,

THE JEALOUS CONNECTICUT HUSBAND WHO  
KILLED HIS WIFE'S FORMER LOVER.

scanning the face of every female passer-by, Sophie McHugh, little dreaming of what was in store waiting for her, came along. Without a word of warning, "Little Red" sprang forward and plunged the knife into his wife's body, stabbing her to the heart.

The case was carried from court to court until all hope ended on Jan. 19, when the unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 2d day of May next.

#### A Bad Bird Caged.

Joseph Kinnell, alias Jacob Kuhn, of No. 4 Birmingham street, a notorious



MRS. EMMA CONANT,

THE UNFORTUNATE CAUSE OF THE BLOODY  
TRAGEDY AT NORWICH, CONN.

room. In it were found plaster models for making counterfeit fifty, twenty-five and five-cent pieces, and a ladle full of base composition used in making the spurious coin. On being taken to the Tombs court Kinnell was identified as being the same person who furnished straw ball for Henry L. Jordan, alias Spunk McDermott, arrested on the 11th of last August on the charge of grand larceny. Kinnell, at that time, before Justice Gardner, at the Essex Market Police Court, swore that his name was George Kuhn, and that he owned the property located at No. 438 East One Hundred and



AL. MCCLELLAN,

THE PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE, KILLED BY  
FRANK V. CONANT, AT NORWICH, CONN.

#### Wm. McHugh.

Wm. McHugh, sentenced to be hanged May 2, at Cincinnati, for wife-murder, was once a well-known character in that city. He is of Irish parentage, and was born at Foster's Crossing, thirty-five years ago. He was brought up in Cincinnati, and graduated from boot-blackening to the painting trade. He was a wild, reckless youth, with a good heart, but a bad Irish temper. In the year 1879 a society was formed in Cincinnati with Mayor Moore at its head, the object of which was the promotion of marriage among the lower classes. The inducement held out by the organization was a dower of \$25 and no expense for a license or preacher. On Sunday, Aug. 10, 1879, a picnic was held at Inwood Park under the auspices of the society. At that picnic, in the presence of over 3,000 people, "Little Red" McHugh was married to Sophie Zurweelle. The parties lived together as man



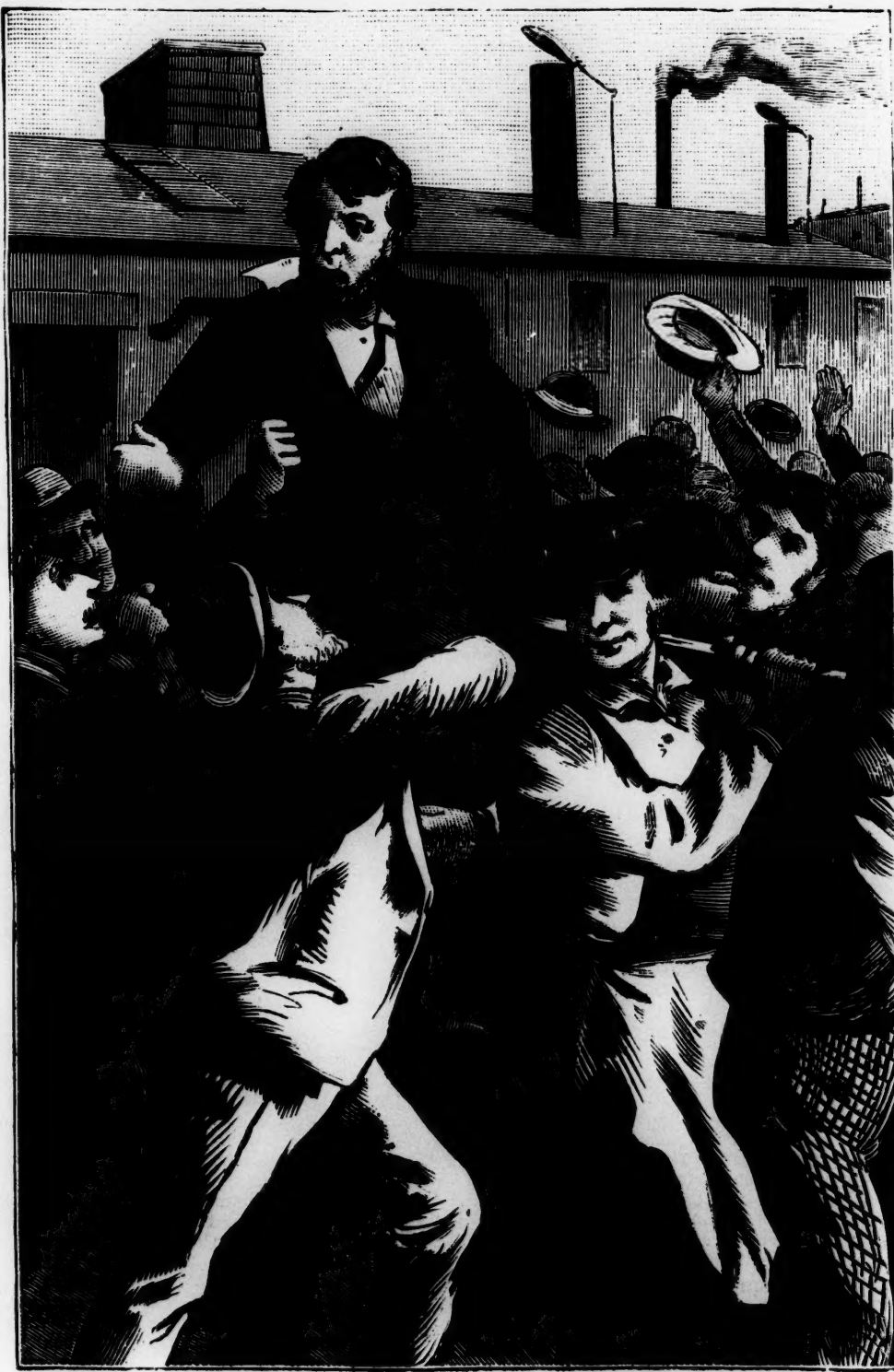
HENRY S. CHURCH,

THE DEFAULTING CITY CHAMBERLAIN OF TROY,  
N. Y., NOW A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

and wife, with short and numerous separations and quarrels, until July, 1881, when the unfortunate woman met an untimely and violent death at the hands of her husband.

Sophie McHugh, the murdered woman, had been a woman of the town for years when McHugh married her. He attempted to reform her, and for awhile they lived happily together, but after a time she went back to her old life of excitement, and he, crazed by jealousy, when she left him commenced drinking, and during his spree killed her in the market-place.

On Dec. 22, 1881, after a long trial, McHugh was convicted of murder in the first degree. The testimony developed the fact that McHugh had purchased a "butcher" knife on the evening of the tragedy and took up a position at the corner of Sixth and Plum streets, past which he had reason to believe his wife would go. After waiting for some time, he carefully



#### RIDING ON A RAIL.

HOW THE EMPLOYEES OF THE MACURGIE IRON WORKS, AT READING, PA., GAVE A FORCIBLE  
EXPRESSION OF THEIR OPINION OF A HARD TASK-MASTER.

thief, counterfeiter and furnisher of straw ball, appeared before Justice Duffy in the Jefferson Market Police Court, New York, on Feb. 9, on a charge of perjury, and was held in \$10,000 bail to appear for trial. Kinnell was arrested on information furnished by Inspector Byrnes, the crime charged being robbing a countryman in a Chrystie street saloon five weeks ago. After his arrest he was discovered in the act of throwing away a number of spurious five-cent pieces, and more were found in his possession. Chief Drummond was notified, and an officer was sent to search Kinnell's



GEORGE MCCANN,

MISSING MAN FROM PITTSBURGH, PA., WHO WAS  
LAST HEARD FROM IN COLORADO.

Fourteenth street. His bonds were accepted, and Jordan was admitted to bail to appear for examination. When the time for his examination had arrived Jordan was not forthcoming, and it was then discovered that the person furnishing bonds for his appearance was not the owner of the property designated. A warrant was then issued for the arrest of the spurious Kuhn on the charge of perjury, and upon Kinnell's identification as being the same man who furnished the straw ball, he was held, on the advice of the District Attorney, for examination on the

charge of perjury alone, which resulted in his being held as stated, in \$10,000 bail to appear for trial.

Kinnell, it is supposed, has furnished straw ball in more than a dozen cases. In June, 1882, he was arrested by Chief Drummond on the charge of counterfeiting, and it was through a photograph that the far-seeing Chief of the New York branch of the United States Secret Service had taken that he was recognized as an old offender.

#### Riding on a Rail.

A number of the employees of the Macurgie Iron Company, Reading, Pa., not liking the alleged cruel treatment of a boss named Thomas McLaughlin, determined to ride him on a rail. Accordingly a rail was procured, and on Feb. 7, in the presence of a large number of excited spectators, who cheered them on, McLaughlin was seized and lifted in the air. A rough-and-

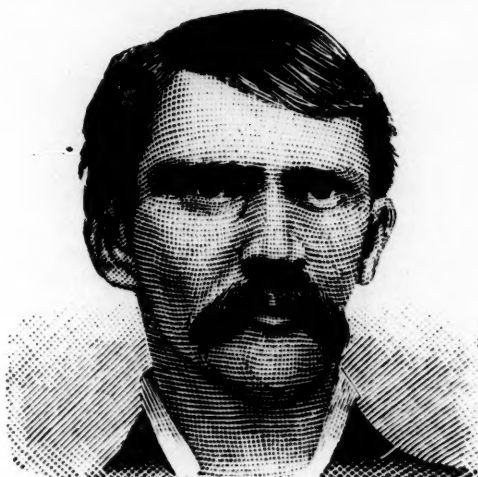


JOSEPH KINNELL,

HELD UNDER \$10,000 BAIL ON NUMEROUS  
CHARGES OF CROOKED BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.

tumble fight followed, and the boss escaped after a brief ride. Subsequently he swore out warrants for the arrest of the alleged ringleaders, and Jacob Hibbert, Simon Ditt, Henry Minning and Munro H. Miller were arrested and held in \$300 bail to answer. All of the men who participated in the rail-riding were discharged, together with the engineer of the mill, who was also arrested and held to bail on the charge of procuring the rail. The men say they have been very badly treated and insulted by the boss, and the sympathy of the community is with them.

AN oyster will live to the age of twenty-four years—that is, in the sea he will. In the restaurant the chances are decidedly against him. Sometimes he lasts a long time in the restaurant—Oh, a very long time! But he does not live nearly as long as he lasts.



WILLIAM MCHUGH,

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED AT CINCINNATI, ON  
MAY 2, FOR WIFE-MURDER.



EDWARD GOODE,

A MAN WITH MANY ALIASES, ARRESTED AS THE  
CHIEF OF THE BUTCHER-CART THIEVES.



MAR. 1, 1881



THE ROGUE'S MARCH.

HOW A PLUCKY OMAHA LADY CAPTURED A BURGLAR, AND LANDED HIM SAFELY AT THE POLICE STATION.

**Captain Williams.**

There are produced, in the police histories of every nation, certain men who assume an individual and striking importance by reason of their skill, talents or executive ability. It is to the latter class that Capt. Alexander S. Williams belongs.

The famous commander of the Twenty-ninth precinct, of the City of New York, probably has more enemies than friends, but his worst foes must concede to him a superb ability in the execution of his office. He, alone, of all the

captains on the Metropolitan force, has been able to control the vicious and dangerous elements which center in the portion of the city he presides over as a representative of the constituted authorities. As long as the dark and desperate Twenty-ninth has been under his rule, its existence has been less a peril to the community than at any other time.

In every great city there is bound to be such a district as that included in the Twenty-ninth precinct. It is idle to preach against such a condition of affairs. Where vice and crime are, vice and crime will find a gathering-place. It

would be well if that gathering-place were always under the eye of as intrepid and energetic a representative of the law as Alexander S. Williams, Captain M. P.

**Captain Peter Conlin.**

Mr. Conlin, who is a brother of Billy Florence, the comedian, was appointed a captain of the New York police force on Feb. 8. The Police Commissioners on that day appointed two police captains, one to fill the vacancy made by the death of Capt. Kealey, and the other to draw the salary provided for by the appropriation for a division of Capt. Williams' precinct. Sergeant Moses W. Cortright, of the Forty-seventh street squad, the Republican nominee of Commissioner Mason, and Sergeant Peter Conlin, of the City Hall police, the County Democratic candidate of Commissioner Matthews, were the pair promoted. Both were made sergeants on the same day, July 19, 1876.

Capt. Conlin is forty-one years old. He ran away from school in Philadelphia at the outbreak of the rebellion, and enlisted in the Twelfth New York regiment. After three months' service in West Virginia, he re-enlisted in the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, and was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. For two years he was deputy collector in Louisiana. He became a patrolman July 29, 1869, a roundsman Dec. 6, 1872, and a sergeant July 19, 1876. He was assigned to the command of the Second precinct.

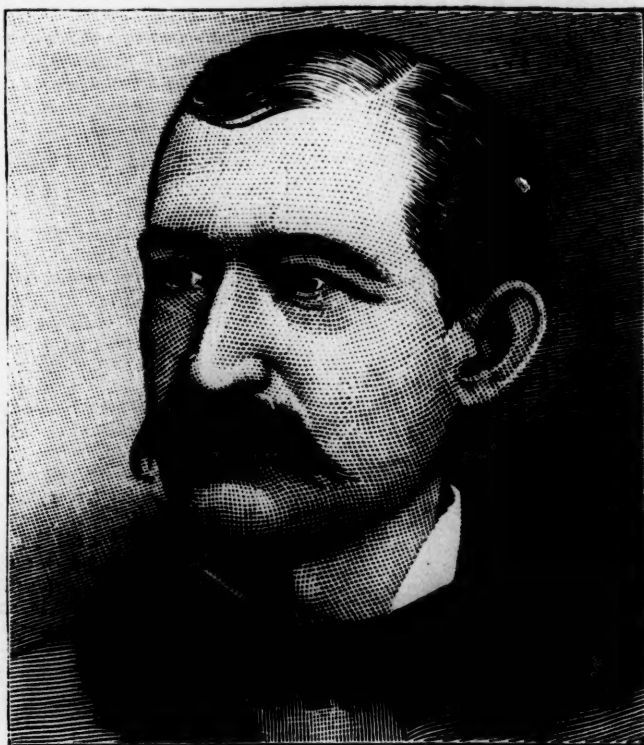
Both appointments give general satisfaction. We will publish a portrait of Capt. Cortright, as soon as the weather will permit of the modest officer making a new departure, and having his photo taken.

**The Rogue's March.**

Mrs. Martin, of Omaha, didn't scream when she unlocked her room and saw a burglar. On

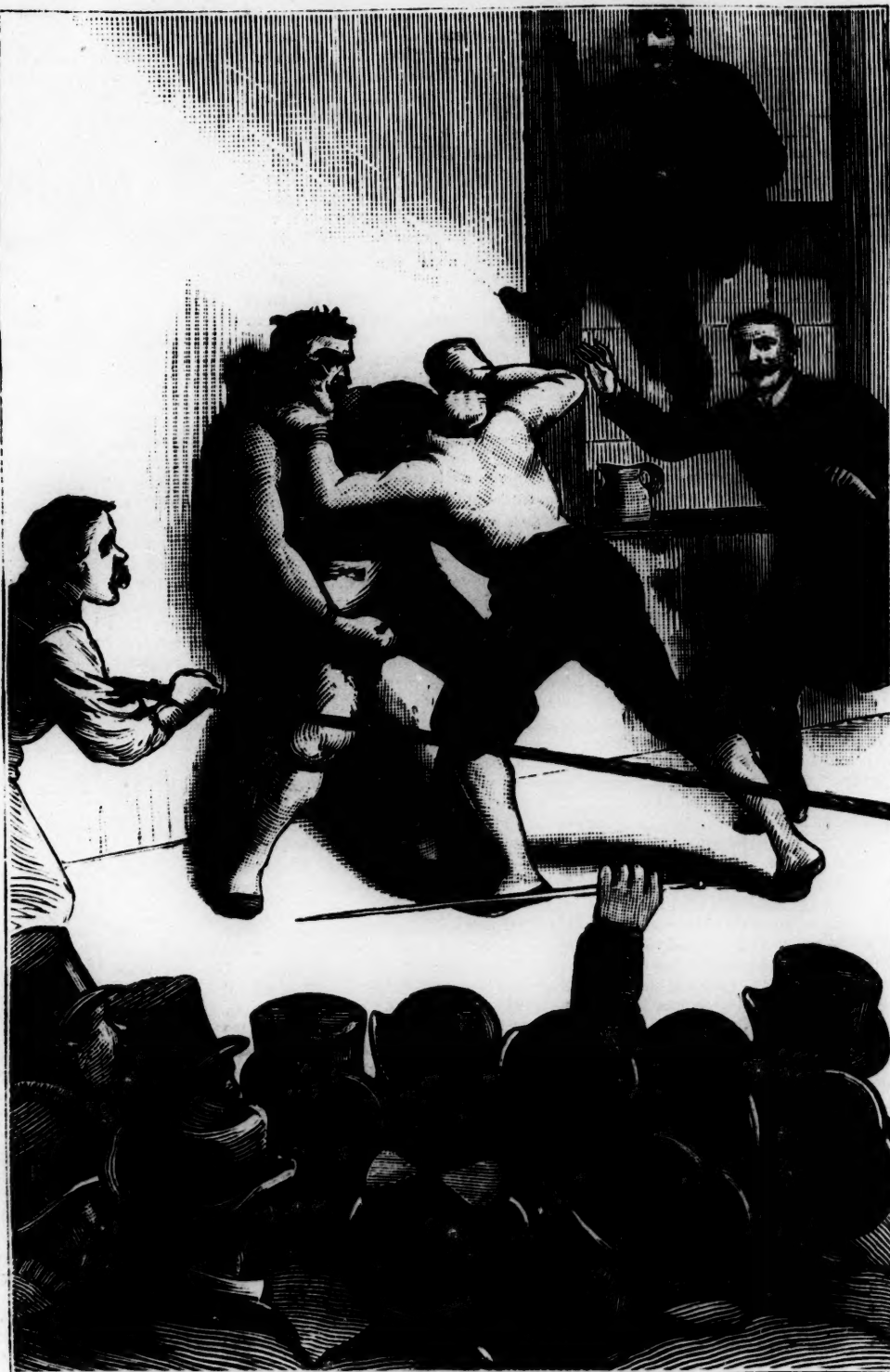
the contrary, she marched him to the police station. The Omaha Bee sketches the scene as follows:

"A big, strapping fellow, fully six feet high, with broad shoulders and heavy frame, came marching up the street with his head hanging, and looking decidedly sheepish. Right behind him walked a little woman, of average height and slim build, but in her eye was a determined look, and what looked more determined was a five-shooter revolver, which she carried in her right hand, with the muzzle in a direct line with the big fellow's head. The pistol was cocked, and the prisoner knew from the look in her eye that a misstep meant leaden pills for him. After the lady had turned her man over to an officer she put away the pistol."



CAPT. PETER CONLIN,

RECENTLY APPOINTED A CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.



A LIVELY GLOVE FIGHT.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN HIAL H. STODDARD AND CAPT. JAMES C. DALY, AT CLARENDON HALL, NEW YORK, FEB. 13.



CAPT. ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS,

THE FAMOUS RULER OF THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND OF NEW YORK, THE TWENTY-NINTH PRECINCT.



# CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. IV.

## How McClellan Was Removed.

### THE SPIES AND PLOTS THAT EFFECTED IT.

#### His Fatal Campaign After Antietam--The News That Reporters Were Warned Not to Publish--The General Hustled Out of the Army Lines in an Hour's Time--The Demonstrations of the Troops--Demoralizing Symptoms.

The bonds were suddenly removed from the correspondents when the "change of base" to the James River had been accomplished. They were directed to write a part of the truth, which was the very reverse of what they had written before in their accounts of the maneuvering at its objects. What had been before lauded in the papers as a tactical change of base, a Napoleonic flank movement, and a triumphant advance, by detour, on Richmond, was now declared a disastrous retreat and a shocking defeat. The plotters in Washington and in the army were bold in their jubilation--so bold that the plans of the new campaign projected by Stanton and Pope on the old Manassas line direct out from Washington were exposed to the enemy before even McClellan had heard of them. His troops were withdrawn by an order from Lincoln. Pope, a braggart of the "Holy Joe" order--a pompous, mushy fellow with not an original idea, had rushed out all the reserves toward Chantilly, and the peninsula troops were hurried to his support. The enemy had made a forced march to seize the important positions on the old field, but the "Johnnies" had been severely crippled by their series of encounters with McClellan and his men, and could not move with the facility calculated on; so Pope was given time, which he passed in vaporing about his headquarters being in the saddle, and in making faces at the foe to please the Washington speculators and political plotters. The reporters had by this time been well broken in, and were prompt to take a cue. Most of them took a financial view of the situation and had provided themselves each with his little ax, which he proceeded to grind assiduously, regardless of truth or the right of posterity to have an authentic historical record. Each of the parson correspondents, of course, had worked himself into some snug corner and was pulling wires for personal profit. Correspondents who had the ambition of Mr. Townsend to do fair, square, honest, photographic work with their pens were either driven out of the army or arrested and tried by court-martial and forbidden to meddle with army affairs thenceforward forever. So there remained in the army only those who found it to their interest to keep the war going on *ad infinitum*, or so long as the money held out and fortunes were to be made. The speculators, contractors and plotting politicians generally, were joyous over this lovely state of affairs. By this time, however, some of the genuine soldiers of the Army of the Potomac--the Sumners, Reynolds, Kearneys and warriors of that mettle--began to look over their shoulders and detected the plotting and sly warfare going on in the rear. The rank and file even discovered the maneuvers of the loyal political bowlers, and great dissatisfaction prevailed--how great, no one dared to write. The demoralization of the army at this time was complete. If it had been written and published it would undoubtedly have made such a sensation as would have tumbled more than one truly loyal saint from his pedestal. As it was, the correspondents, rich in the wisdom of experience, settled down under the yoke and made life easy for themselves. It was the new-comers--the youngsters who were sent out to the field to test their virgin pens, who made things uncomfortable and kept the government spies active. The army officers anticipated nothing but evil results from the appointment of Pope to command. They knew him and sneered grimly at his gasconade. His reign, they were sure, would not be longer than the period necessary for the precipitation of his first pitched battle. They knew this would settle him. All thought this, and a few were impudent enough to give the thought words. Among the latter was Fitz John Porter, then a corps commander. He remarked bitterly, in the presence of his staff, on the way up the Potomac river, that the new experiment was the wild idea of an incompetent man. These words were heard by one of the *Tribune's* parsons, who repeated them to his political clique. Then when the disastrous defeat of the second Bull Run came, as it did very promptly, the whole blame was laid on Porter, and to this day he has never recovered from the stigma put on his name by Pope and Stanton, although even as high an authority as Gen. Grant has added his voice to that of a court of inquiry composed of distinguished army officers. So great was the power of this unprecedented tyrant, Stanton, that its effects last until to-day. There are those living who prospered through the desperate tricks and low chicanery of that time, and it would not do to acknowledge an injustice so glaring even now lest it should lead to inquiry in similar cases and a revelation of the whole course of iniquity and the sources of many mysterious fortunes. There was another lively panic in Washington when this news came, but the reporters played no tricks this time, and the full truth was never published. The public was let down light, and the fact that there had been a repulse of the Union army was lightly dwelt on according to the directions of the spies and defectives of the War Office. Lee, flushed with victory, made a bold move into Maryland, and amid the wildest alarm the President again put his foot down, threw out the braggart Pope, and restored McClellan to his command. The shattered army was hastily reorgan-

ized, and started westward toward Harper's Ferry. The battle of Sharpsburg and Antietam followed, in which, despite the tardiness of Burnside and Hooker (still plotting for command), the Union forces won a brilliant victory, and the enemy was driven in full and confused retreat across the fords into Virginia again. The Army of the Potomac, after this terrific campaigning, was in a sorry plight. It needed, above all things, clothing and shoes. McClellan paused along the line of the upper Potomac to reorganize and to clothe his men after the hot work he had put them through. Being safe in their nests, the plotters fell to work again. They put obstacles in the way of granting the supplies needed, and set about thwarting the Commander in every way in their power. Meantime, as the writer knows from actual experience, the men were regaining their *esprit* and their organization, and needed only the supplies demanded to enable them to pursue the retreating enemy who still, however, held a bold front on the other side of the river. At last, after nearly a month's delay, bringing the time down to the latter part of October, the demanded supplies came. The old howl was raised in Washington and the General of the army was summoned to tell all his designs that they might be counteracted. At last, after maneuvering a part of his force up the stream, in view of the enemy's cavalry scouts on the hills on the other side of the river, McClellan threw three pontoons over at Berlin, on the Potomac, and marched his men rapidly into Virginia once more. A mounted infantry and light artillery force under Gen. Sturgis was sent ahead and seized on the mountain gaps, driving back the enemy, who were supposed to be at that time divided, by the strategy of the Union commander, on either side of the mountain range. It was said to be the frantic efforts of the wing of Lee's army, that had been left on the other side, to get through and make a junction with the main body, that occasioned the heavy cannonading in advance that we heard every day and far into the night as we hurried forward. To the observer of these events it seemed apparent that there was a desperate struggle going on at these gaps, for, as we moved forward with infantry over the high mountain roads, we could see the smoke as well as hear the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. But, as we marched on, it was noted that these encounters were forward and to our right. Our route deflected to our left, in a southeasterly direction, and we were sheering off from the scene of our comrades' desperate struggle. A shrewd reporter wrote out the situation as follows, and sent it to his editor in-chief as a private letter: "We had the enemy divided, and were keeping the separated remnant off while our army moved rapidly on Richmond, racing with the main body of Lee's army to gain a favorable fighting-ground between it and the Rebel Capital, leaving Washington to be defended by a strong garrison of new recruits, amounting in all to a good-sized army, under Halleck. Orders had been given to have pontoons at the mouth of Aquia creek, for use, if necessary, in crossing the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, in case the fords higher up were held by any force sufficient to delay the strategic advance of the army. The battle-ground chosen was near Hanover Junction, within easy reaching distance of Richmond, and McClellan expected to reach it without the loss of a man and there, choosing an advantageous battle-ground, fight the enemy in detail as he arrived. How the reporter got this information, which afterward proved to be, while not the entire plan, at least sufficient to betray the real move to the enemy, is not known. He spoke of it, however, and was summoned to McClellan's headquarters during a rest at Manassas Junction, which was reached without any fight except of Sturgis' detached command. The imprudent scribe was cross-questioned as to his sources of information by an aide-de-camp, and an effort was made to get him to betray the person who had given him his points. He would not confess, however. All he would say was that he had guessed the plan--that it was his theory only, based on the events of the march thus far. This was not satisfactory, but no further information could be obtained from the correspondent, so he was sent back to his quarters with a warning that if he talked too much about the plans of campaign he was in immediate danger of being locked up in the guard-house. It was always the opinion of the writer that some one on the commanding General's staff, who thought himself well informed, gave the points of the campaign to the reporter. How far they agreed with the plans of the General is not certainly known, his removal occurring before they were carried out. It was a bleak, snowy day in the latter part of November, 1862, when the Sixth corps, with which the writer traveled on this march, arrived at Manassas and thence stumbled on over the frozen and sleety roads to New Baltimore, a small cluster of houses, about which it went into bivouac. McClellan had his headquarters at Warrenton, where was the advance of the army, which had been moving forward in three grand columns, and was encamped in the fields on either side of the straight road that leads from New Baltimore to the larger town. Our forces held Manassas Junction, and the railroad communication with Washington was open and safe. The first discovery made by McClellan when he sent scouts from Warrenton to Aquia creek was that the pontoons had not arrived, and the news by rail from Washington was that they had not been sent yet. Here was a provoking situation, indeed, and here was a delay inevitable. The marks of the plotters were visible here, and now Burnside's little game became apparent. It was not certain that either he or one of his political henchmen had not betrayed and deceived McClellan's plan. At any rate, Burnside had enough influence in Washington to prevent the shipment of the pontoons to the point directed by the commanding General. This occasioned a delay that was the making of Burnside and the ruin of McClellan. Hooker noted this, and concealed his chagrin very carelessly, when he saw how Burnside had manipulated the political wires to get ahead of him. A day passed, and then came a delegation from Washington in citizens' dress, stove-pipe hats and all, who were driven from Manassas Junction to the army headquarters. They bore an order removing McClellan, and directing him to report at his home in New Jersey, and substituting Burnside for him in the chief command. The correspondents who clustered about the headquarters soon got wind of this, and it spread rapidly through the army, making a demoralizing sensation that was never reported by those who witnessed it under the most terrible threats of punishment.

The news-mongers of the army had suspicions that there would be some disorganizing and disheartening developments ensue the moment communication with Washington was resumed, and they clustered thick about the commanding General's headquarters at Warrenton, and the Provost-marshal

General had his spies clustering thick about them. This Provost-marshal General, who was attached to the staff of every General who commanded the Army of the Potomac, was a most unimpressive personage, and his duties were a mystery to foreign army officers. He was a sort of chief of detectives--a police officer, in fact--and was superior to and beyond the control of the army commander. He got his appointment from Washington, and his corps of detectives was the connecting link between the intriguing politicians of the Capital and the army. Thus it was assured that nothing might go on at headquarters or anywhere in the various divisions of the army, but that would be reported instantly to Stanton. The officer who took command of the gallant but much-abused army had to accept this incubus, well knowing that it was a spying department and a threat to him. The commander of the Army of the Potomac, in short, had to accept this detective department just as the car conductor in the hands of the latter-day monopolists accepts and hangs about his neck the bell-punch badge of thievery. The Provost-marshal's department was, in short, the gauge of honesty on the part of the General-in-Chief, and the preventive of political designs on his part. It was even more than it was designed to be in its spying ramifications. A corps of the enemy's spies could not have done as much harm in the camp as did the uniformed and ununiformed employees of this department. In fact, so eager were these spies to gather news for their employers that everything leaked out prematurely. The writer learned of this proposed removal of McClellan before the army crossed at Berlin, and was assured that the General need not make such a fuss about the pontoons being at Aquia creek in time, as he would probably never have the chance to use them. The informant was a sutler who followed the army, and who predicted things so closely, in confidence to the writer, that he soon learned to suspect him as one of the Provost-marshal department's spies. There can be no doubt that his duty was to report the doings and sayings of the officers and men of the Sixth corps. That he did so there are plain proofs in the sudden disgrace of several officers who expressed opinions favorable to McClellan after his removal. It is probable that every corps and division of the army had spies of this character picking up the remarks of officers to their comrades and carrying them to headquarters, whence they were transmitted to Washington.

Well, the newspaper correspondents, sutlers and hangers-on of the army knew more about coming events than did the General himself, so they kept their eyes on headquarters and were rewarded by being on hand when the removal of the officer was suddenly managed. If the ununiformed spies had not "leaked," the plan to kidnap the General without the knowledge of his men would have been a success. As it was, two-thirds of the army did not know of it until the day after McClellan had gone. Had it been anticipated, or the news promptly diffused through the ranks, there can be no doubt there would have been serious consequences.

The formalities of the transfer of the army to the command of Burnside were very brief indeed. The haste verged on the indecent--or at least it seemed so to the reporters who clustered about and viewed things from afar under the eyes of the spies. The General was fairly hustled off by the civilian troop that had made a descent on him. No time was lost. His horse was saddled, he mounted, and, accompanied by his staff and General Burnside, galloped down the road leading from Warrenton to New Baltimore and thence to Manassas, where the car and engine awaited him. It was only two hours after we had seen this civilian squad ride by that a cavalryman carried the news "McClellan is removed." It reached the Irish brigade of Meagher encamped beside the Warrenton road, and spread like wildfire through the regiments along his line of retirement to the railroad.

"When is he going to leave?" was the general incredulous inquiry.

"Now. Here he comes down the road," was the reply. And sure enough a cloud of dust gave note of the approach of horsemen, and out of it was evolved the figure of the admired commander of the Army of the Potomac.

The design to get the popular officer out without the knowledge of the men was well executed, but was not entirely successful. The unexpected spreading of the news in advance of the forced march, occasioned a scene of the most thrilling description. Regiments rushed helter-skelter in unarmed mobs to the fields beside the road and cheered their deposed commander wildly. The Irish brigade entered into this ovation with characteristic spirit. The wildest confusion prevailed. Infantry and cavalry rushed over the hills pell-mell in disorganized mobs, waving their hats and cheering with frenzied enthusiasm.

Near New Baltimore a party of frantic Irishmen dragged two guns of their battery by hand, over a field to the crest of a hill, and opened fire in salute to the General, as an accompaniment to the cheers of their unarmed comrades. This was the scene that it was worth a reporter's life to attempt to describe at that time. There was not one of them who dared picture it, and the general demoralization of the army consequent on this ill-advised change of commanders at a critical point in the campaign. Meagher's Irish brigade was especially demonstrative in this scene, and its officers and men were loud-spoken in their comments on the interference of Washington politicians. The poor fellows were made to suffer for this at Marye's Heights a fortnight or so after, when Burnside took the first opportunity to send them into the jaws of death.

That evening there was an uneasy feeling at headquarters, and the spies were unusually active. The talk among the men in camp was openly in reprobation of the unjust policy of removing the favorite commander. The method, too--the sneaking way of smuggling him out--was canvassed as a species of Washington political knavery, and there was no attempt on the part of officers or men to keep their feelings secret. If ever an army was on the verge of demoralization and revolt it was the Army of the Potomac that night. The general talk was of one tenor, and the conclusion unanimous that campaigning was hopeless where there was operating in the rear a political force that was more dangerous by far than the enemy in front. The writer recognized the spies of the Provost-marshal active among these orators of the camp-fires taking it all in and gathering evidence against outspoken officers, who were marked "treasonable" thenceforward for the hasty remarks made in that moment of excitement, and against whom even the services of the writer were sought, but he declined to testify to ruin those who had admitted him to the circle of their comradeship through the dangers of the field. It was feared, and even openly rumored, that certain brigades would refuse to do duty, or, at least, that there would be annoyance and

disarrangement of the martial machinery in consequence of the spread of the startling news. There was great uneasiness even at army headquarters over the rumors that poured in from the spies in various sections of the army, and certain measures were taken for the forcible repression of any demonstrations favorable to the deposed commander or condemnatory of the policy of political interference with army affairs. The officers of the disaffected organizations had the necessary influence and control to repress the injudicious demonstrations of their men, and in two days they had the fire covered, controlled and only smoldering. But it smoldered all through the war. They couldn't put it out altogether.

The Irish brigade preserved its excitement longest, and its officers and men were the most violent in their expressions of opinion, but Meagher calmed them down after a time and brought them to reason. Burnside and his adherents, though, never forgave them after for the scare they had given him. "Those mutinous Irishmen! The copperhead brigade!" These were the terms in which they were characterized at headquarters, and it was an undisguised rumor of the high circles of the army that the insulted powers at Washington would find an early and terrible revenge by setting these outspoken and high-spirited heroes in the very fore front of the battle, and getting rid of them as a dangerous element to handle. Those who have wondered since that any general could be fool enough to send a body of men charging up the broad, uncovered slopes of Marye's Heights against an enemy entrenched on the summit, never went so far back in their researches as the removal of McClellan to detect the political reason for this most cruel and most astounding military enterprise. Even if they had gone so far in their delving for the causes of a shocking effect they would have hit upon no data, however, for only those knew of these scenes of wild disorganization who had been on the spot and witnessed them, and of these persons very few remained alive after the charge at Marye's Heights.

These were exciting events to report, indeed, but not a man among the correspondents dared do it. All wrote in the one vein--a paragraph devoted to the dismissal of McClellan and a column to the praise of Burnside, and that was all.

Any disposition to debate this subject on the part of anybody was promptly frowned down. Two or three sutlers, who chanced to have the means of gaining information from Washington by some underground means, talked too much in their cups, and were sent out of the army--that is, they were sent back to Washington to stake the clerks, touters and hangers-on of the Quartermaster's department all over again, and having been freely tied rejoined us in a few weeks when we had established our new base of supplies on the Potomac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### MASKED RAVISHERS.

Miss Emma Burtenger, a prepossessing and attractive young woman of about eighteen years, living at Miller City, while going through a strip of woods on Feb. 5, was met by three masked men, ruffian-looking fellows. After coming up to where Miss Burtenger stood one of them accosted her, and began to make indecent proposals, which she indignantly rejected. The outlaws then laid hands on her, and despite her pleading not to be so foully dealt with, carried her into the dense woods to accomplish their hellish designs, and while so doing she cried for help, when the ravishers gagged her, after which they threw her down and two of them held her while the other outraged her, and so on until all the brutes in human shape had treated her in like manner.

After the outrages had accomplished their purpose, they fled, and the young lady returned to her home in an exhausted condition, her clothing being torn, her hair disheveled and ruffled up considerably, and her face was somewhat blackened in consequence of being choked and gagged.

The news has created the wildest kind of excitement among the people, and a large crowd of men are now in pursuit of the ravishers, and it is safe to bet that they will be summarily dealt with by being hanged to the first tree, if captured, within the bounds of Putnam county.

### A DEFAULTING OFFICIAL.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Henry S. Church, who for six years has been City Chamberlain of Troy, N. Y., left that city on Monday, Feb. 4, ostensibly to go to Springfield, Mass., and has not since been heard from by those most anxious to know his whereabouts.

An examination of the Chamberlain's books disclosed a defalcation of \$77,000, and it is feared the amount will reach \$100,000. Mr. Church obtained the funds by drawing upon the banks in which the city funds are deposited. He had sole access to the bank-books, and it was not a difficult matter for him to make it appear on the books of the department that he had much larger deposits than really existed. Mr. Church was a heavy loser by the failure of the stove firm of Potter & Co., and it is thought he used the city's money to speculate, with the hope of making sufficient to retrieve his losses. His whereabouts are not known, and while many believe he sailed for Europe, two Trojans claim to have seen him in Montreal.

A warrant for his arrest has been issued, and the Mayor has offered a reward of \$2,000 for the arrest of the fugitive.

### HEROIC DUDES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Maggie Cline, the favorite serio-comic, met with a picturesque incident during the recent floods in Pittsburg. She was stopping at the St. Clair House, which was in the flooded district. The morning the company left, the landlord had boats to convey the party to the depot. Maggie missed the boat. Fortunately, Harry Richmond and a number of the "In The Ranks" company were in an express-wagon in the street, and they called to her:

"Come along, Maggie. There's room here."

"I would," replied Miss Cline, "but I can't swim."

At this juncture a couple of dudes, in the swiftest of get-ups, offered their services to carry her out. Maggie writes, in conclusion:

"Well, you know me. They made an arm-chair out of their arms, you know how, with the hands crossed. I sat in it, and made myself comfortable, you bet. There were about a thousand people looking at it, and when I got safely landed they shouted and cheered for Mary Ann Kehoe until the wagon was out of sight." Can any one blame them?



## LOVE AND RUIN.

### The Tragedy at an Elevated Railroad Station.

#### Jennie Almy's Frenzied Pistol Practice that Waked the Echoes of Slumbering Scandals.

[With Portrait.]

Two sharp reports of a pistol on the platform of the elevated railroad station at Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue, on the morning of Feb. 12, was the startling signal for a flood of sensational news that kept the city agog for a week, and will long be remembered as one of the most romantic incidents of local crime.

In the early hours of the morning a lady dressed as for her burial passed out of her door at No. 111 East Twenty-fifth street, and walked hurriedly toward and then up Lexington avenue. She wore a black dress and black gloves, and her face was hidden with a black veil. Yet her sprightly step, even uncertain as it was with extreme nervous action, told that she was a young woman. It was no ordinary errand that called her forth—the mission that she performed thrilled a city. Up Lexington avenue she sped with fateful fixedness of purpose, neither looking to the right nor to the left. At Fifty-eighth street she paused, but not from fatigue at her long walk. She had reached a milestone in her resolve, and just around the corner was the end of her life journey.

Passers-by noticed the figure in black which stood gazing at a house across the way with wild eyes that the veil was unable to hide. Those eyes seemed to be magnets, with the power to draw from that mansion the object desired. It was not long before the object appeared. It was a young man about twenty-three years old, a handsome man, dressed in fashionable clothing. He was of a marked blonde type, evidently a German of high culture. His face expressed as much. His light hair floated from beneath his silk hat, and a dainty mustache curled over an almost feminine mouth. A single gold eyeglass adorned the right side of his face, and in his right hand he twirled a gold-headed bamboo cane.

A young boy accompanied him, and together they walked toward the Third avenue elevated railroad station in Fifty-ninth street. The child prattled with his older companion, and the man answered in a light-hearted vein. Neither knew that death followed fast in the shape of a tender woman crazed by unrequited love.

Now the man and the boy have reached the stairway of the station and join with others in climbing toward the track. They passed on toward the platform, and the man pointed out to the child the approaching train which was nearing the station. The gate-man was busy at his box. Fifty persons stood around waiting for the train. Nobody paid any attention to the poor little woman in black, who had bought her ticket in haste and hurriedly dropped it into the box, until, with a quick motion, she drew her hand from under her black dress, pointed a revolver at the young man's back and fired.

The injured man staggered against a post, and then reeled back against the outside of the ladies' waiting-room, the little boy shrieking with fright, the man muttering indistinguishable words and gasping for breath. The horrified spectators were stricken dumb and helpless. They pushed each other, the front line trying to hide behind the rear line, and those behind endeavoring to see all without running any risk. The result was a ring, in the middle of which stood the woman. Before she could have been stopped, had any one tried to interfere, she grasped the weapon in both hands, placed the muzzle against her right temple, fired and fell lengthwise on the platform, with her head toward the passengers' entrance.

The wounded man was Victor Crofton Andre, a brilliant young German and professor in a fashionable school. His father is a German and his mother English. The father is the proprietor of the *German Capital*, a Berlin financial paper, for which and the *Borsen Courier* young Andre was correspondent. When he came here, six months ago, he brought letters of introduction to a number of influential persons, and readily obtained a position as professor of algebra, rhetoric and German in the Von Taube school.

Andre was the sort of man who would be called a "lady-killer." He was handsome, and he knew it, but, unlike most men of that stamp, he had a mind well filled with practical knowledge, to which he constantly added. One of his friends gives him the credit of being one of the most brilliant young men in Germany or America. But, according to this friend, Andre was susceptible to the charms of beauty, and was not wedded solely to his books. While still in his teens he made havoc in the hearts of the fair Berliners, and it was not only for the purpose of becoming a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper that he banished himself from his native land. He had the faculty of making friends by his winning way and powers of conversation, and seems to have been just the man to steal into a woman's heart. Everybody who has seen him speaks well of him.

The suicide was known as Miss Jennie H. Almy. She resided, when a young girl, at Williamsbridge, Westchester county. Mrs. Almy, whose daughter she was supposed to be, had in reality adopted her. She found Jennie, then a baby, in a basket at Leroy and Hudson streets, in this city. She passed her as her own child, only revealing her real history to John Davis, a game constable and sporting man, whom she afterwards married.

When only fourteen years old Jennie was married to Peter Schwartz, then a brakeman on the Harlem Railroad. He was only eighteen years of age. They lived together two years, and then Schwartz left her. Shortly after this her mother married Mr. Davis; and not being able to agree with her stepfather, Jennie left Williamsbridge and came to New York. Since then, and for the last six years, her history is imperfectly known. It is known that she was for some time engaged as a teacher.

She brought the best recommendations to Miss Long, with whom she boarded in Twenty-fourth street, and the people with whom she lived afterward speak in the highest terms of her modesty and good conduct. Three years ago she procured a divorce from Schwartz on the ground of his infidelity. She afterward became acquainted with Andre, and her friends claim that in December last they made arrangements for a private

marriage, and on Dec. 24 she put on her wedding-dress, and they went to a minister. He questioned them closely, and on learning that Miss Almy was a divorced woman, he refused to marry her.

This is the solution as far as known of the tragedy, but the affair has gained so much publicity that further developments are expected. Poor Jennie was quietly buried from "The Little Church Around the Corner," on Feb. 15, at which time the surgeons at the hospital had little hopes of Andre's recovery.

#### THE NIOBRARA REGULATORS.

##### The Winter Campaign of Frontier Men who Hunt for Criminals.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the hardy, busy pioneers of Niobrara there is not much time wasted in the tedious and expensive processes of the law, but right and justice is upheld by a co-operation of the honest men against the rogues. To right the wrongs where they are given, the settlers have banded together as regulators, and hunt down all offenders.

The man who is keeping tally for the Niobrara lynching party reports that since they started out to break up the gangs of cattle thieves that infest that country, fourteen have been lynched, sixty warned to leave on pain of death, and one shot. The season, now nearing its close, has been a very successful one. Such a round-up of thieves and murderers was never known before. The regulators have not lost a man, and they have not even been embarrassed by the breaking of a rope. They have gone about their business so quietly that very few know who they are or where they come from. Their movements have been expeditious and secret. Their arrests, trials, convictions and executions have been performed with such celerity that in most cases their presence in a neighborhood has not been known until an inspection of the trees gave unmistakable evidence that they had come and gone. Moving and acting quickly, they have carried terror to the hearts of evil-doers in this whole section, embracing a territory larger than that of most of the States. Hundreds of thieves and outlaws have, by jumping the country, escaped well-merited punishment, but others, more careless or entirely ignorant of the fact that the lynchmen were on the trail, have fallen easy victims. The men who make up the party are familiar with every foot of ground from the Elkhorn, Loup and Niobrara ranges to those of the Powder River country, and during the past winter they have gone over all of this territory once, and a good deal of it three and four times. Some of the men whom they wanted most were not found, and others to whom short shrift was given were desperadoes who had almost been forgotten, or had been supposed to be dead.

During these hunts for human monsters, some thrilling incidents occur. We illustrate one that recently happened. The band had been over in the vicinity of the Bad Lands after a notorious character named Jim Petley, known to his comrades in crime as Long Jim, but had been unable to run him down. When about ready to give up the search and retrace their steps they were caught in a blizzard of the most savage description. Locomotion became out of the question, and picketing their horses they awaited a cessation of the storm. The tempest of snow continued until far into the night, when the clouds broke and the atmosphere became bitterly cold. The horses suffered terribly, and the men were not much better off. It was useless to stay where they were, travel now being preferable to inaction, and it was decided to make for the nearest ranch without delay. Tolling wearily and painfully on their way, they encountered at daybreak the man for whom they had been looking. He was accompanied by two desperate-looking fellows who were, however, unknown to the regulators, but who were together with Jim placed under arrest. The thieves were in a pitiful plight from the cold. Long Jim was suffering from frosted feet and hands, and, as the day wore on, his agony became unendurable.

"What are you fellows going to do with me?" he finally demanded.

"We are going to take you to the pen and try you for your crimes," said one of his captors.

The pen is a place where the regulators have had their rendezvous, and were they have tried many of their prisoners, hanging and shooting some and banishing others.

"And if you find me guilty, what then?"

"Well, we'll probably hang you."

"I thought so," exclaimed Jim, doggedly. "Now, I'm in a bad condition, and it's a hurting me to keep up with you fellows. I'm not going any further. You can finish the job now."

He had evidently considered the matter well. He knew what to expect. With a savage look of despair he bounded off as fast as his seriously crippled limbs would carry him. He had not got more than 100 feet away before half a dozen rifle balls overtook him. He jumped high in the air and fell flat on his face, never moving afterward. His ragged clothing made a black spot in the snow, which could be seen a mile away, it being the only object not covered by the sifting flakes of the night before. The lynchmen then pushed on toward the town.

#### FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 45, out Saturday, Feb. 16, contains: Abandoned and Avenged; the shooting of Victor Andre and suicide of his assailant and victim, Jennie Almy, on the elevated railroad; illustrated. The Great floods; how the West is being devastated by the inundations; described and illustrated by special correspondents and artists. Oyster Pirates; the depredations of the buccaners on the bivalve beds of the Chesapeake; magnificently illustrated from sketches on the spot. Thomas Kinella; the great Brooklyn politician and editor; with portrait. Modjeska's New Play; with portrait. Swapping Spouses; how a Brooklyn drug-gist got a fair exchange for his lawful consort. Hial Stoddard and Capt. James C. Daly; with portraits. A Spree in Society; how our upper classes get a little off now and then. Metropolitan Mashers; all ages, and all styles of the article, genuine and bogus; where they hang out. His Last Deal; death of a noted gambler and sport. Gilhooly's Uncle; by Bill Poster. "On Der Square." The Prompter; XV.-XVI.; Joe Jefferson and Maude Granger. The Referee; prize ring, turf, pedestrianism, etc. The Prowler; an extraordinary social sensation. The Bill Board; new plays and new scandals. Miscellany; side snaps and general juiciness all around.

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## A BOSS THIEF.

### Eddie Goodie Arrested as the Leader in the Robbery of Luther Church.

[With Portrait.]

Eddie Goodie, alias Muller, alias Goodrich, alias Red Gearing, has been the terror of the police for years past, because they could not hold him for the crimes in which he is said to have been the principal leader. Inspector Byrnes says he is the smartest operator in the city, because after a robbery is committed he abandons his companions on receiving his share of the plunder. By shrewd methods, Inspector Byrnes says, he has pursued his criminal career for fourteen years.

On the last day of December last Luther Church, superintendent at Dwight & Co.'s, of One Hundred and Thirtieth street and First avenue, visited a bank down town with a check on which he procured the sum of \$2,300 with which to pay the employees of the establishment. On his return he left the elevated railroad station at One Hundred and Thirtieth street and Second avenue, and on his way to the street was assaulted by men wearing check jumpers, who were ostensibly cleaning the steps. When they secured the money he carried they jumped into a butcher-cart and drove away rapidly. James Titterington and William Farrell were arrested for the crime in Philadelphia. Farrell weakened when confronted with the evidence and pleaded guilty, and on his plea he was sentenced to a term of fifteen years in State Prison.

When they were arrested and searched, on the person of Farrell was found a paper bearing the name of "John Thompson, No. 402 Third avenue." Inspector Byrnes' curiosity was aroused, and he determined to investigate the character of Mr. Thompson. He suspected that Goodie was Mr. Thompson. From Goodie's reputation, although the law had never been able to convict him, he knew he was an expert in robberies where butcher-carts were called in requisition, and that even to his dupes he seldom revealed his own name. The Inspector hired a room opposite No. 402 Third avenue, and detailed Sergeants King and Lyons to watch the building, the ground floor of which was rented out as a cigar store. The Inspector sent a letter to the keeper of the store by a lady messenger. The letter was addressed to Mr. Thompson. It was of no avail: Mr. Thompson was not present. The detectives, however, kept up their watch, and on Thursday morning, Feb. 7, a short, thick-set man was seen to enter the cigar store.

"There he is," said Detective O'Connor, and they all rushed down stairs to intercept the stranger's retreat. They met him on the sidewalk and immediately placed him under arrest. His fellow-accomplice, Titterington, confessed the crime, and said that he identified Thompson as Goodie.

The robbery, he said, was planned long before its execution. On the night before Christmas he met Goodie and Farrell, when they discussed the whole matter. On the Sunday following they went to the elevated railroad station at One Hundred and Eleventh street and Second avenue, where they knew Mr. Church would leave the train to go to Dwight's soda-water factory. They then laid their plans for robbing Mr. Church.

"On Monday, Dec. 31," said Titterington, "I went to Hanover square, where I met a man named Harry. He took me to No. 11 Burling slip, where he showed me Mr. Church. I then followed Mr. Church to the Chatham Square National Bank, and supposing he went there for money, I hurried to the Second avenue road, and getting out at One Hundred and Fifth street, met Goodie and Farrell. They had the butcher-cart ready. Goodie said to me 'Wait a few minutes,' and going across the street to a hallway he returned with his reddish whiskers dyed to a glossy black. Farrell went on foot to One Hundred and Eleventh street, Goodie and I going by way of the butcher-cart as far as One Hundred and Tenth street. I took off my overcoat and hat and took from a bag which was under the seat of the cart a check jumper and a cap. I got out at One Hundred and Tenth street, and Goodie drove along to the corner of the next street. I went to the elevated station and pretended to be sweeping the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs. Farrell was on the landing above. There were but three other passengers besides Mr. Church who got off at that station, and when Farrell raised his hat as a signal I grabbed the satchel from Mr. Church. He struggled, but Farrell hit him on the head with a piece of lead pipe which was wrapped in newspaper. I got the money, and jumping into the cart with Farrell we drove off, Goodie having the reins. On our way down Farrell and I changed our jumpers and caps, putting them into the bag and resuming our ordinary attire. At Ninetieth street and First avenue we met a policeman. 'That is a cop,' said Goodie. 'Get out your guns. I have mine here.'

"Farrell and I," continued Titterington, "were lying in the bottom of the cart and pulled out our guns, but the policeman did not bother us. At Eightieth street Farrell got out, taking the money with him. Goodie with a wet handkerchief removed the dye from his whiskers, and then we drove across to Lexington avenue and Fifty-fourth street, where I got out and went to Kerr's Hotel at Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue. I waited there until 7 o'clock, when Farrell came in and gave me \$457 as my share of the day's work, telling me that besides Goodie and himself a woman was entitled to a certain amount of the proceeds. The woman was the wife of Joe Wilson, who is now serving a five years' term for opening a safe in Philharmonic Hall, on the Bowery, over a year ago. Farrell and I then went to Philadelphia and were joined in a few days by 'Harry' and Goodie. We intended robbing the cashier of the gas-house on Thirtieth and Spring Garden streets, but when he came from the bank he had friends with him, and we could not attempt it. Subsequently Farrell and I were arrested in a saloon and brought to this city."

Goodie was arrested on Feb. 13, 1870, for stealing \$17,000 worth of silk from a Custom House truck in Trinity place. He was acquitted. Inspector Byrnes says that Goodie was concerned in 1874 in the robbery of a silk store in lower Broadway, and shot and wounded a policeman who tried to arrest him as he was driving away with the booty, and that in 1875, with three confederates, he robbed William B. Golden of \$5,000, which Golden was about to pay to the employees of the Badger Architectural Iron Works, at 622 East Fourteenth street. Mr. Golden, after drawing the money out of the Dry Dock Bank at Tenth street and Avenue D, took a car up town. Goodie's confederates got in a car after him, and Goodie followed on horseback. The other two presently wrenched the package containing the money from Mr. Golden and threw it to Goodie, who galloped away with it.

According to Inspector Byrnes, Goodie robbed a Standard Oil Company collector of \$8,000 in Greenpoint in 1876, and had a share in the Planet Mills robbery, and in 1880 robbed a messenger of the Bank of the Metropolis of \$2,200, and escaped in his useful wagon. Goodie also drove the wagon used in the robbery of the collector of the Ruppert brewery, while John Walsh, who was killed by Draper, cut the reins of the collector's horse. Goodie is also said to be the man who got over the fence and escaped when ex-Policeman Nugent was arrested in July last for attempting to rob Cashier Smith in a Morris and Essex train at Hoboken. Goodie's long immunity from arrest is attributed to the fact that his confederates never knew where he lived. The only way even a thief could see Goodie has been by leaving a letter at some address agreed upon asking for an interview.

#### FEUD BETWEEN GAMBLERS.

##### A Wholesale Shooting Affair in the Streets of Hot Springs, Arkansas.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible tragedy was enacted at Hot Springs, Ark., on Feb. 9. Three brothers, Frank, Jack and William Flynn, were proceeding home in a hack when a party of seven men, armed with double-barreled shot-guns and Winchester rifles, stepped out from the door of a saloon and opened fire. The Flynns were armed, but the attack was totally unexpected. Jack Flynn was shot through the forehead and died in a few minutes. William Flynn was shot through the breast, probably fatally. Frank Flynn received a shot through the hand, inflicting a slight wound. Frank Hall, the driver of the hack, was shot through the back of the neck and died an hour afterward. Robert Hargrave, a bystander, was shot through the breast and will probably die. Henry Craig, a prominent lumber man, received a charge of buckshot through the back, and his condition is considered precarious.

The difficulty originated some weeks ago, on account of Frank Flynn endeavoring to prevent Mr. Doren from opening a gambling-house. It culminated at the time in Doren making a cowardly attempt to assassinate Flynn, failing in which he fled the city. He returned secretly a few nights ago. Flynn was unaware of his presence in the city until the fatal volley was fired. Intense excitement prevails, and strong threats of mobbing the prisoners are made. Seven of the men were arrested, and are now in jail, S. A. Doren, the two Pratt brothers, Howell and three others. The citizens are loud in their condemnation of the murderous and cowardly act.

#### DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW ORLEANS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At an early hour on the morning of Feb. 8 James Graham, a lawyer, killed his wife and then committed suicide. Graham formerly had a large practice, but had lately taken to drinking. He lived very unhappily with his wife in consequence of his bad habits. She had a large fortune when they married, but this was soon dissipated by her husband, most of it going for drink. The couple quarreled incessantly, and about five months ago separated, but recently came together again. About 3:30 on the morning in question a shot was heard by the inmates of Graham's house. Mrs. Malone, Graham's mother-in-law, called to him, inquiring what was the matter. He came to the foot of the stairs and said that the shooting was in the street. Two other shots were heard, and then all was quiet.

No suspicion of any violence was aroused, and Mrs. Malone retired to bed again. When she entered her daughter's room later in the morning she found the floor covered with blood, and both Graham and his wife dead in bed. He had first killed her, evidently while she was sleeping, with a pistol, the ball penetrating the temple and causing instantaneous death. This was the shot that had aroused Mrs. Malone. He afterwards fired one more ball into her brain and another in her side, both mortal. Then he cut his throat with a razor, nearly severing his head from the body. The razor was still clutched in his stiffened hand. The couple leave an only child, a girl of sixteen. For some time past Graham had been complaining of a pain in his head, and it is supposed that he committed the deed when insane or laboring under delirium.

#### A TRAGEDY RECALLED.

A sad sequel to the Haverstick tragedy, that occurred in West Twenty-third street, on March 19, 1883, was the suicide of Mrs. Uhler, on Feb. 13. The dead woman was a broken-down victim of the morphine habit. Her career had been a checkered one, and in it she had dragged more than one man into misery and misfortune.

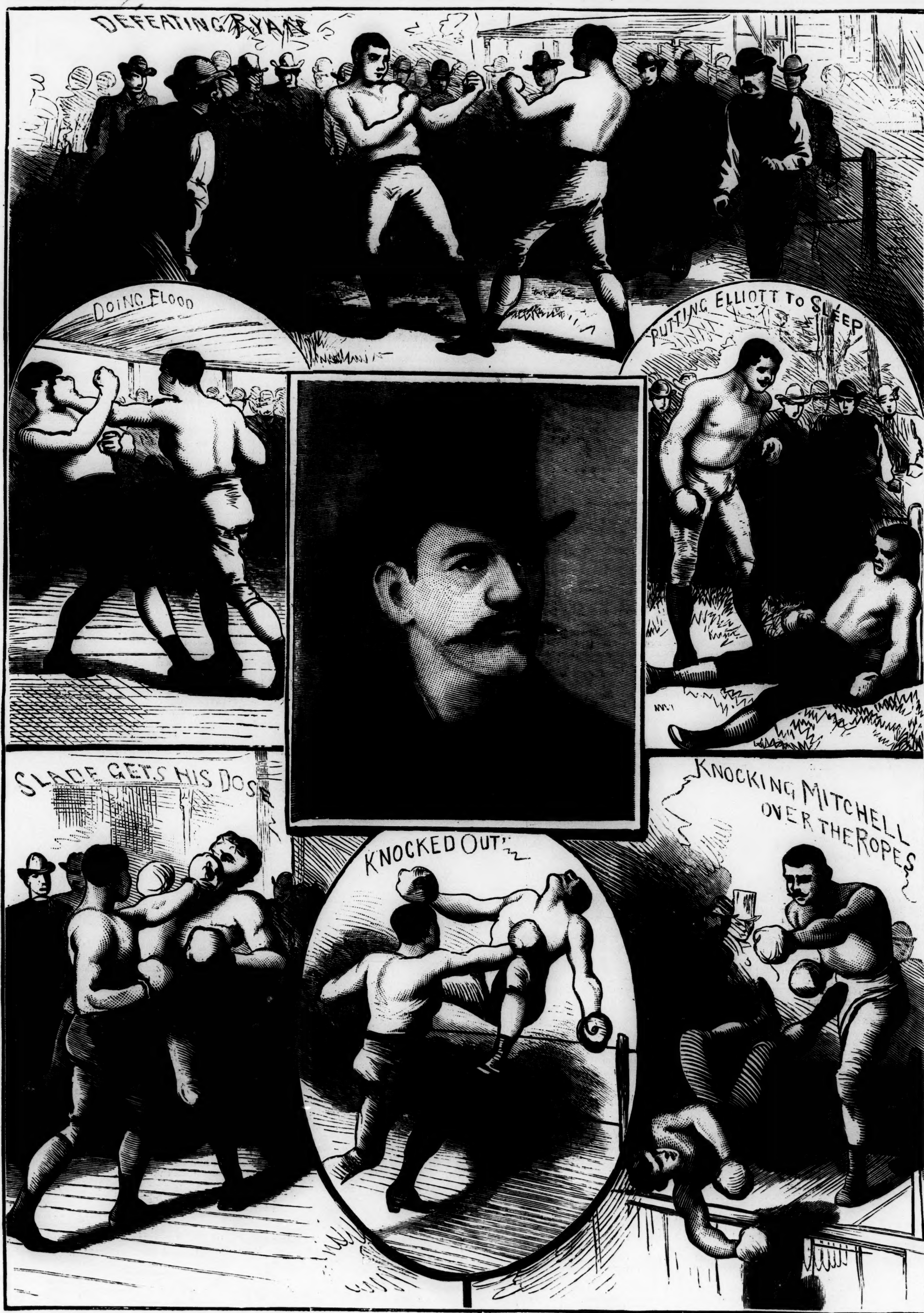
Mrs. Uhler was thirty years old. She came into public notice on account of the killing of William H. Haverstick, in the Vienna Flats, in West Twenty-third street, on March 19, 1883. About two years previously she deserted her husband, and went to live with Haverstick, a mining broker. Her husband began a suit for divorce, but it was not tried. George W. Conklin, her brother, who was a Government surveyor at Reno, Nev., came here and persuaded her to leave Haverstick and go West with him. He went to the Vienna Flats on the evening of March 19 to get his sister. Haverstick objected to her going, and a fierce quarrel ensued. At length Haverstick seized a marble statuette as a memento and hurled it at Conklin. Conklin drew a revolver and shot the broker in the abdomen. Haverstick died in a few minutes.

It was said at the time that the brother had taken his sister to his home in Nevada, but Capt. Williams, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, does not believe that she left the city. At the time of her death she was living at a boarding-house in West Twenty-ninth street, from whence she was taken to the New York Hospital, where she died a few minutes after her admission. There is little doubt but that she committed suicide by means of her favorite drug.

#### HOW HE DID NOT SPECULATE IN NORTHERN PACIFIC.

He was a well-posted but speculative business man—had read of marvelous fortunes which had been won by little puts and calls in Northern Pacific preferred stock. He reflected: he drew his little savings on his way to Wall Street to do the deed. En route there, he saw an advertisement showing what could be done with \$5 invested in a ticket in the Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. He reconsidered, and sent his \$5 to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and drew 10,000 per cent. (\$500). He pilotes those who lost in Northern Pacific Preferred, but rejoices at Louisiana State Lottery Preferred.—*Euterburg (Va.) Mail*, Jan. 23.

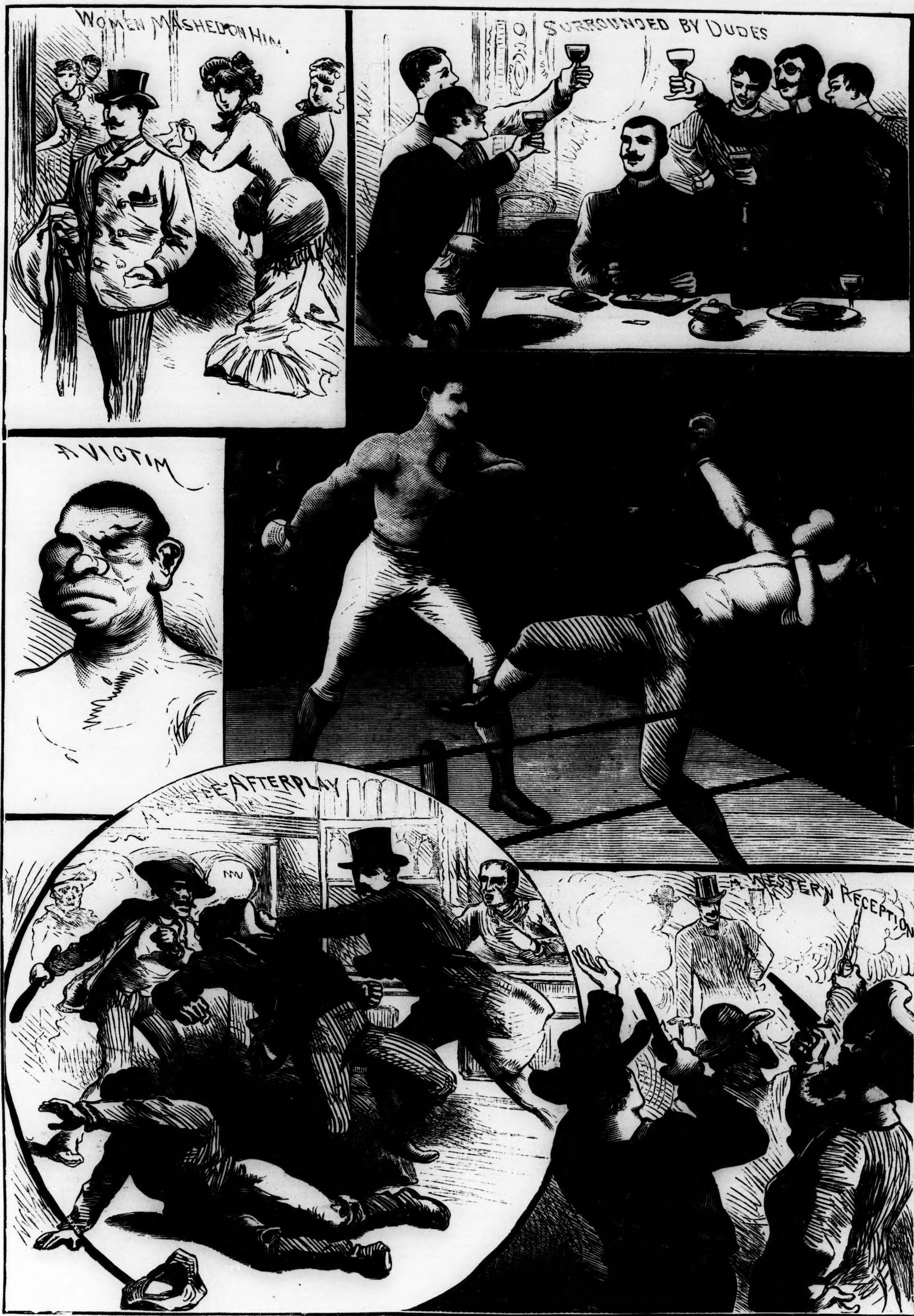




THE CAREER OF A CHAMPION.

MUSCLE AND PLUCK'S INVINCIBLE RECORD, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE VICTORIES OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN—FIGHTING FOR GLORY AND GAIN IN MANY FIELDS, AND WINNING IN ALL.





THE CHAMPION ON HIS TRAVELS.

HOW THE WORLD OF SPORT ACKNOWLEDGES THE TRIUMPH OF A MODERN GLADIATOR AND THE BOSTON BOY KEEPS HIS HAND IN PRACTICE WITHOUT DAMAGE TO HIMSELF.



## THE PRIZE RING.

## The Latest News of Fights for Fistic Honors and Gate Money.

## The Sullivan Combination on its Travels—Boxing News From All Parts of the Country.

Ned Lester and Charley Bixamos fought with hard gloves in the Baronne street cock-pit, at New Orleans, La., on Feb. 7. Jerry Dunn, the noted sporting man of Chicago, was the referee, which was a guarantee that the contest would have to be decided on its merits. Among the celebrities in the tremendous crowd that assembled were Alec Brewster, Chief Swan of the Fire Department, Michael Buckley, Robert Brewster, Pat. Duffy, John Duffy, John Rivers, John Brewster, John Hennessey, John Fitzgerald and Judge McCarthy. Dunn announced that the pugilists would box for \$100, and that the contest would be four rounds Queensberry rules.

Andre Christol, Bixamos' second, called for ropes, but the referee determined that the inclosure of the pit was an admissible substitute. Dougherty, the sparrer, acted as Lester's second.

Bixamos strips 176 pounds; Lester, 138. When time was called for the first round it became apparent that Bixamos was no sparrer; he rarely struck from the shoulder and Lester eluded him easily, when the small size of the pit was considered. Bixamos, however, pursued him hotly, and beat down his guards by main force, but was still unable to get in a punishing blow, for his antagonist, when he could no longer elude him, fell upon his knee. Bixamos struck him while in this position, and there were loud cries of "Foul." The referee, stating that he thought there was no intention on the part of Bixamos to strike Lester while down, warned him not to do so again, and the match proceeded, the round concluded with Lester resting upon his knee, and in good condition, Bixamos' awkward but terrific petting having fallen, for the most part, on his back and shoulders.

The second round was a repetition of the first, Lester going down when pressed before Bixamos could punish him. This in itself was enough to disgust one, but when again Bixamos' uplifted glove fell upon Lester after he reached his knee, and cries of "Foul" were set up, it became evident that the small man was not only trying the Tug Wilson tactics of avoiding punishment and gaining time, but that he was deliberately attempting to receive blows from Bixamos while upon his knee, thus placing Bixamos in foul. Again the referee passed the foul, if foul it should be called, with a caution, and the round was concluded amid the hisses of the spectators at Lester's sustained tactics.

In the third round the same thing was repeated, and the referee, stating that although he was confident that Bixamos had no intention to foul, said he could not overlook the fact a third time, and declared Lester the winner.

The pugilistic boom is still spreading, and recently there was a first class boxing exhibition held at Socorro, New Mexico. It was the first ever held in that section and attracted a large crowd. The first set-to was between "Happy Jack" and "Piano Bill," and was the cause of much hilarity among the "gang." After the set-to it would have been a difficult task for the mothers of the fighters to have individualized their respective sons. During the contest, as they showered blows upon each other, they resembled a collision of double-gear wind-mills in a hurricane. The second set-to was between Hank Shillings and Jerry Mahoney, and was a more scientific affair, though it did not elicit the applause of the boys as the previous round had done. Shillings was evidently too much for Mahoney, and succeeded in tapping the latter on the nose about as often as he pleased. The great event was a set-to between Hank Shillings and Tom Allen. The bout was a capital one, many hard blows were given and taken by each. It would be a hard matter to decide which had the better of this round, in fact we would call it a draw. The last set-to was between Dr. Rice and J. Diederick.

At Proctor's, in Bismarck, on Feb. 2, there was a slashing glove fight between Charley Wilson and Fred Metford. Wilson being a recent arrival from New York city, and boasting considerably of former victories in the ring, became at once the favorite of a majority of the sporting men, and was backed by bets of \$5 against \$1. It was arranged that the fight should be for \$25 and two-thirds of the gate-money, and the stake was deposited with L. N. Griffin, who was selected referee. As early as 9 o'clock the crowd began to assemble and Proctor stepped into the ring and announced that the fight would be according to "Police Gazette" rules, with hard gloves, and would continue until one of the men failed to come to time. He then introduced Wilson as the champion from New York and Metford as a Bismarck Unknown. Both men stepped into the ring in fighting trim and were loudly applauded. Proctor acted as second for Metford, and Dick Sharpless for Wilson. Time was called, and the men commenced their fight, it being evident from the first round that the fight was a genuine one, and, in the language of the "sports," was for "blood." Six rounds were fought. In the first round Metford, "the Unknown," was knocked down in his corner, and the crowd cheered and increased their bets. Time was called in 30 seconds, and at the end of the second round the New York champion was knocked down, and Metford had his undershirt torn so that it had to be removed. In the third round, the "champion" removed his shoes, and when he retired was bleeding under the arm and from a cut on the face. The remaining three rounds were fought desperately, each participant being cheered as he would get in a good blow, and twice it became necessary for the referees to order a "break" as they clinched for a rough-and-tumble. At the end of the sixth round Wilson failed to come to time, and was hurried to his room, and the crowd surged about and broke down the ropes, and pandemonium prevailed. Metford escaped without a scratch. Wilson bled copiously from several wounds, and had to be put to bed until he could recover strength enough to walk. Wilson imposed on the Bismarck sporting men. He is not known East, never fought in New York, and had no right to style himself a champion.

The proposed prize fight between Hugh Falvey and Frank Bosworth, of Providence, ended in a fizzle. Both men have acquired some local reputation as shoulder-hitters, and being representatives of the middle-weight class, a meritorious struggle was antic-

pated. After Falvey's encounter with Nash some six weeks ago at a gymnasium in Providence, R. I., in which he showed some very good points, he was taken in charge by prominent men, who had a desire to match him against some man of good mettle. Efforts were made by the friends and adherents of Falvey and those of Bosworth to effect a meeting between the men, and steps were taken with that view. Falvey's backers wished to stake \$250 a side on the issue of the contest, but the Bosworth party did not feel inclined to hazard so much money. After a great deal of useless talk and argument of the subject a match was agreed upon and articles were drawn up and signed, pledging the men to fight with hard gloves according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$100 a side and the gate money, the fight to take place at some place to be designated on the day of the meeting, which was stipulated to occur some time between the 4th and 7th of February.

The stakes were all posted and both men were at once taken charge of by well-known sporting men—Bosworth being put in the care of a popular pugilist who has frequently appeared before the public, and won a large share of its applause for his pluck and powers as a fighter. Falvey was under the eye of an experienced sporting gentleman, and was provided with a competent trainer, and all the auxiliaries necessary to put him in proper condition for the fight.

No expense was spared or pains limited to bring him up to the standard of effective power which his admirers wished to develop. He was kept daily under the watchful eyes of his backer, who personally supervised his feeding and general training, and he gradually evidenced an improved physical condition, which highly elated his friends. The private gymnasium of a well-known citizen who takes much delight in athletic exercises, was placed daily at his disposal, and was made free use of by Falvey and his trainer.

So confident were his friends of his victorious meeting of Bosworth, that they tendered him a complimentary benefit, recently, which netted him a sufficient sum of ready cash to provide him with a handsome suit of custom-made clothing. In the words of his backer, at this time, his physical health was such that "he could down any middle weight in the country." As the time drew near for the settlement of the dispute as to the relative merits of each man, the outside sports who had learned of the proposed fight, began to interest themselves, and cast about for "tips" on the condition of the men. Many bets were made, and Falvey appeared to be the favorite.

On the day fixed for the battle, while proceeding to the battle-ground, Falvey said to his backer that he would stop in and get a shave, while he could go on and get a fire started in the gymnasium. That was the last that has been seen of Falvey.

He disappeared as effectually from his daily haunts as if the ground had opened and swallowed him.

His trainer walked at the gymnasium until patience ceased to be a virtue, and from the barber's, whither he sought Falvey, he returned to the headquarters of his backer, and reported the situation. Search was at once made, but no trace was found of Falvey, and it finally dawned upon the minds of his friends that he had skipped the town, and hid himself in some remote and secluded place.

The fight was declared off. Falvey's backer instructed the stakeholder to surrender the forfeit money to Bosworth. All bets are likewise off, and thus what promised to be one of the best and most evenly balanced contests that has taken place in New England, turns out a ludicrous fizzle, through Falvey's chicken-hearted peculiarities. The parties who have been identified with arranging the match are very much incensed with Falvey at his conduct, and are loud in their denunciations of him.

Falvey is a man about twenty-three years of age, fights at 155 pounds, and is 5 feet 8 inches in height.

Bosworth, his proposed antagonist, is a pupil of Bennie Greene, fights at 160 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches in height.

The hard-glove contest between Jack Hullett and Steve Corbett, who both hail from Bournemouth, England, was decided near London, England, recently. Con Donovan looked after Hullett's interest, while Mask Kirby did the needful for Corbett. The onerous duties of time-keeper and referee were filled by two well-known sportsmen.

ROUND 1.—So soon as the lads put up their hands it was seen that Hullett was the cleverer of the two, and he looked the biggest. Both lads sparred for awhile, but Hullett was the first to lead off with the lefts, which was very cleverly stopped, but as both were eager to get to work, they set to with a will, Corbett hitting hard and straight with his left, Hullett countering well with his right until the call of "Time!"

ROUND 2.—Hullett sent his left home on the body, again in the face, and some smart exchanges followed, Hullett having the advantage when the minute's respite came.

ROUND 3.—Hullett led off with his left but was stopped, and Corbett forced exchanges in the center of the ring, Hullett retreating and "jobbing" him well with his left.

ROUND 4.—Both came up smiling and fresh, but somewhat flushed. After a moment's sparring Hullett led off, but was met by Corbett with a tremendous blow on the nasal organ, making the claret flow freely. A desperate rally then ensued until the call of "Time!" First blood claimed for Corbett and allowed.

ROUND 5.—Both came up blowing from their exertions in the last round, so very little was done.

ROUND 6.—Hullett led off with his left on the face, drawing the claret, Corbett answering with his left on the body. Hullett then went in left and right, and a real good bit of milling was witnessed, resulting in Hullett's favor, and at the end of this round blood was flowing freely from both their faces.

ROUND 7.—Applying bottle and sponge freely, the seconds sent their men up looking clean and fresh, although somewhat groggy. At the call of "Time!" Corbett led off, and got well home on the side of the face. Hullett, however, paid him back with interest by countering well with his right. Corbett then stepping in with his left made a slip, and Hullett countering at the same time with his right, they both came to the ground with a crash.

ROUND 8.—Heavy exchanges took place, Hullett looking all over the winner, as he also did in the next three rounds.

ROUND 9.—They came up puffing and blowing, both looking much the worse for the wear and tear, but Corbett, being the stronger of the two, began to take a good lead.

ROUND 10.—Hullett led off with a tremendous blow in the stomach, which nearly doubled Corbett up. Corbett recovering, however, made good use of left and right, bringing Hullett to the ground with a beauty.

ROUND 11.—Hullett growing weaker, Corbett kept increasing his advantage.

ROUNDS 12 TO 19.—Similar to round 14. Hullett getting weaker each round.

ROUND 20 AND LAST.—Corbett now set about his man with a will, and forced the fighting, and Hullett being thoroughly used up, resigned the contest after boxing 1 hour 19 minutes.

Dominick McCaffrey and John Kilrain were to have fought for a purse at the Crib Club at Boston on Feb. 8. Kilrain was on hand, the purse was ready, but McCaffrey failed to appear. If the Pittsburgh pugilist had visited the Hub he and his friends would have been able to win a large amount of money, as sporting men in Boston were confident that McCaffrey would find in Kilrain a pugilist he could not stop or knock out.

Wolf Bendoff, a noted middle-weight pugilist, has arrived in this city from London, England. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 175 pounds, and is twenty-two years of age. He is a nephew of old Ben Bendoff, and he has fought twice with bare knuckles. Last Spring at Hampton, England, he fought Jim Griffith with bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, for a purse. Nine rounds were fought in 45 minutes, when the police stopped the fight. He also fought Tim Hickey at London, Eng., in October, 1883. The pugilists fought with bare knuckles and Bendoff won in 11 rounds, lasting 25 minutes.

On Feb. 8, at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, Barney Maguire arrived with an Unknown who was eager to knock out anybody. Introducing the Unknown, Maguire said: "This man is a stranger to me, but he wants to spar or fight, and I will give any man in the hall \$25 that will face him for three rounds with the gloves." The challenge was accepted by Bendoff. Barney Maguire's man, Harry Langdon, stands 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighs 190 pounds. Bendoff began by punching Langdon seemingly just as he liked, and received many blows in return. Once Bendoff ducked his head and landed a terrible blow on Langdon's nose, and he got in a stinger on Langdon's forehead, which sent him down just as time was called. In the second round Langdon struck out manfully, dealing a sledge-hammer blow on Bendoff's head and neck, and he had the best of it throughout the round. In the wind-up the big ones delivered swinging hits, slugging one another all around the stage. Both seemingly had enough of it, and they gladly shook hands.

The glove contest between Jack Walsh, of Birmingham and Dominick McCaffrey, at Clark's Olympic Garden, on Feb. 8, was a desperate one. The pugilists fought five rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. McCaffrey was twenty pounds heavier than Walsh, and yet it was all McCaffrey could do to make a stand-off with Walsh, let alone stop him. Five rounds were fought, and neither gained any advantage, for Walsh was just as strong at the finish of the fifth round as McCaffrey; but the referee said McCaffrey had the best of the contest and decided him the winner. The majority of the audience left with the impression that Walsh had just as much the best of the encounter as his opponent.

At Grand Crossing, Chicago, recently, Joe Dauphin and Steve Kerns fought for \$200. It has been a question for some time past which of the two was the best man with his fists, and the fight was agreed upon to decide the question. Kerns is a new man in the vicinity, and before his arrival Joe Dauphin had held the honor of being the Sullivan of Grand Crossing. About 4 o'clock a ring was formed, and at 4:30 time was called. The pair began throwing their fists around in a ferocious manner, but it was some time before they got down to business. Bets were all in favor of Joe, and poor Steve had to hold his own against the whole crowd, as he was a stranger, but it was not long till the tables were turned and every one was betting on Kerns, for no sooner had they warmed up to their work than Kerns gave his opponent a right-hander full in the face, knocking him down. The battle lasted 27 minutes, and both pugilists were badly punished.

At Portland, Me., Feb. 4, Mike Barry, of Portland, Me., and Denny Delaney signed articles of agreement to fight a hard-glove contest for \$500 and the light-weight championship of Maine, to take place within seven weeks, at some place not over 100 miles from Portland. Delaney weighs about 20 pounds more than Barry, but the latter is a much more active man. The match has been talked of for some time. The title to the light-weight championship of Maine is in dispute, Delaney claiming it on the ground of having issued a general challenge, which was not responded to.

Sam Collyer, the ex-light-weight champion pugilist of America, has opened a sporting house at Canton, Md., and styles it the "Cedar Point House."

A prize fight was arranged at Coal Creek, Col., on Feb. 4, between Jack Jones, of Leadville, and Martin Rooney, of Coal Creek. The pugilists signed articles of agreement to fight at catch-weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$500. The fight is to be decided within 100 miles of Williamsburg, Col., on March 23. John W. Welch, of the O. K. Saloon, Coal Creek, Col., will manage the affair. Jones is the pugilist who fought Jimmy Welsh 97 rounds last year.

The Sullivan combination gave an exhibition at Astoria, Oregon, recently, and Sylvester Le Gowriff accepted Sullivan's offer to stand before him four rounds. Le Gowriff is styled the strong man of Oregon. Last winter, for a wager, he accomplished the following wonderful feat. Two men seated themselves in chairs, and Le Gowriff, grasping the bottom back round of each chair, lifted one with each hand and set them on a counter three feet high. Not long ago he was making his brags that he could break a two-inch plank with his fist, and a number of gentlemen anxious to see this done, tried to find a plank, but unsuccessfully. They produced three boards one inch thick, and nailed them together and set them up. Le Gowriff marched up to the boards and let drive with his fist, and the boards were split in several pieces. His fist did not show even a bruise or scratch. He is a well-built, muscular fellow, and is a perfect giant in strength. In wrestling he has thrown a number of professional wrestlers in San Francisco, and his wonderful powers of endurance have surprised every one who has seen his exhibitions.

The combination had secured Occidental Hall for the exhibition, and it is needless to say that it was packed. After the boxing bouts Le Gowriff appeared, and was greeted with loud cheers. Sullivan was then introduced, and the reception he received must have flattered the champion. All being ready, the strong man faced the champion, and the contest began. Le Gowriff was a chopping-block, and he acted like a dummy in front of the champion. The contest needs no description, for Sullivan, after making one or two feints, landed his left on the strong man's mouth, staggering him, and then, with a swinging right-hand blow, landed well on Le Gowriff's neck, knocking him

down. The blow settled the Oregon champion, for he went off to sleep and could not face the scratch again. The contest lasted just 20 seconds, at least so the time-keeper claimed.

The arrangements for the fight between John Dempsey and William Dacey, mentioned in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, were perfected by the following agreement:

Articles of agreement entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 7th day of February, 1884, between John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Wm. Dacey, of Greenpoint, Long Island.

The said Dempsey and the said Dacey do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, with gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$100 aside, open for \$200.

The said fight to be decided on Thursday, March 6, 1884, within 100 miles of New York, and the place of fighting to be mutually agreed upon on Feb. 29, 1884. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 10 P. M. and 4 A. M.; the man absent to forfeit the stake money.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 aside is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and referee. The remaining deposits shall be deposited as follows: second deposit of \$75 aside shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Thursday, Feb. 21, 1884, before 3 P. M.

The said deposits must not be put up later than the hours aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting—if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight; and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

JOHN DEMPSEY,  
Wm. DACEY.  
Witnesses:  
HARRY FORCE,  
ALEX. T. MCGUIRE.

Pete Lawlor, of San Francisco, has issued a challenge to fight A. L. Kirchoff, of Oakland, Cal., for \$500 a side. Lawlor lived in New York some years ago, and was bested by Jimmy Kelly at Harry Hill's. He is one of the wall-flowers at Chris. Buckley's sporting house, Bush street, San Francisco. If Kirchoff is any good, he should fight Lawlor, who was never a good second-class fighter.

James McDevitt, the noted pugilist of Bridesburg, Pa., is matched to box Prof. J. Burke of Atlantic City, N. J., for a purse of \$200. The match is to be decided on March 10, at Atlantic City. McDevitt was born at Port Richmond on August 2, 1855. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. In Jan. 1880, he fought a glove contest in Billy McClain's sporting house in Philadelphia, with Prof. Arnold and lost by a foul. On Feb. 10, 1882, he defeated "Thop" Anderson, who claimed to be the champion of Frankford, in a four-round, "Police Gazette" rules contest. He was matched against Patsy Leonard, of Philadelphia, for \$200. The pugilists met on May 2, 1882, at Manyunk, but the police interfered, and the referee ordered the pugilists to the Falls of Schuylkill. The police again interfered, and Leonard was arrested and put under bonds, and the stakes were drawn. McDevitt's last battle was with Jack Edwards, of Kensington. The men fought according to London prize ring rules, and Edwards won through the assistance of the referee. McDevitt now keeps a sporting house in Bridesburg, Pa.

When Paddy Ryan is going to fight Sullivan. The ring is to be 180 feet in circumference, and Sullivan's right hand is to be chained. One of the conditions is to be that if either man so far forgets himself as to get within striking distance of his opponent he shall lose the fight on a foul.

Mike Cleary, the well-known pugilist, recently posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and issued a challenge to fight any man in America. No one covered the money. On Feb. 13 Cleary again decided to make an effort to have some of the heavy weights give him battle, and issued the following sweeping def, which should bring a reply:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Feb. 15, 1884.

I understand that Charley Mitchell, the English champion pugilist, is publishing look-ahead challenges, in which he states that on his arrival in New York he will meet me in the arena.

If Mitchell would do more fighting and less writing the public would believe he was in earnest. Now, on Mitchell's arrival I will arrange a match to box him four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take two-thirds and the loser one-third of the gate money; or I will stand ready to fight him for any sum from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. The match can be arranged before Mitchell returns if any of his admirers think well of it. I mean business, and will be ready at any time to arrange a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

In the meantime I stand ready to fight any pugilist in America, and if Pendergast, Stoddard, Daly, Goode, or any of the ambitious heavy weights are eager for a match all they have to do is to name a day to arrange a match, and my backer, James Wakeley, will be on hand.

MIKE CLEARY.  
Billy Madden, the boniface of Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, in this city, thinks Mitchell can whip any pugilist in America with bare knuckles, and it is more than probable on Mitchell's arrival, if not before, that Le will match Mitchell against Cleary to either engage in a glove contest or fight with bare knuckles.

It looks as if all the pugilists are fighting shy of Cleary, for Pendergast, Stoddard, Daly, Goode, and Donovan all claim to be anxious to fight, but they are backward in coming to the front.

Mitchell writes to Billy Madden from England that he will be here early in March, and will give Mike Cleary the first chance. If Cleary does not accept, he will challenge John L. Sullivan to a four-round glove contest, or a fight with bare knuckles.

Connolly, the pugilist, writes as follows: "I have fully recovered from the accident I received in the match with Fullames' Unknown, which I claim Fullames, who was acting as referee, decided against me, but, nevertheless, I would like to have another go with him. If he should decline, I would like to meet Mike Coburn's Unknown at any time and place to suit his own convenience."



## A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

## A Sensational Tragedy in the Land of Steady Habits.

The Fatal Shooting of Al. McClellan  
by Frank V. Conant, at Nor-  
wich, Conn.

[With Portraits.]

Connecticut, the land of steady habits, again furnishes a tragedy, in which illicit love, jealousy, revenge, and other unchristian-like elements figure. This latest addition to these criminal calendars that should cause a change in the old-time name of the nutmeg State, was the murder at Norwich, Conn., on Feb. 10. The murderer, Frank V. Conant, was head salesman in the silk department of the dry goods house of Hishop, Porteous and Mitchell, and Al. McClellan, a contortionist and trapeze performer, was the victim. The crime was evidently premeditated. Conant urged McClellan to take a drive. As they drove off, Conant handed his companion a cigar. They drove through the most fashionable part of the city and finally reached the "west side," where Conant lived. Conant invited McClellan to his stable to see a valuable pony and while there drew a revolver and began firing at him. The first ball passed through McClellan's hat, and he started to run, crying "Murder." Conant pursued and shot him through the leg just below the knee.

Conant followed his fleeing and pleading victim, and the third shot did its deadly work, the cartridge lodging in McClellan's back, causing almost instant death. As he fell in the gutter Conant coolly examined the body and exclaimed, with an oath:

"I've fixed you now, and you'll have nothing more to do with my wife." After wiping his revolver, which was a large one of the 33-caliber, he put it up and walked away.

Conant went almost directly to the new First Baptist Church, on West Main street, of which his wife is a member, and entered the conference room. A prayer meeting was in session and his wife was exhorting as he went in. He took a seat and sent a boy to call her, and when she came he said:

"I have killed Al. McClellan."

She exclaimed: "My God, Frank, I never thought it would come to this!"

He then escorted her home. Half an hour later he was arrested by Officer Joseph Burdick. He gave up his revolver and went along readily to the police station. He would say nothing, although he was anxious to know if "Al was dead?" Upon being told that he was, he bade good-by to his wife and two children, and quietly left them.

Although Mrs. Conant's lips are sealed, the motive for the crime is believed to have been the relation which existed between McClellan and Conant's wife seven years ago, before the latter's marriage, a matter of which Conant learned comparatively recently, from a second woman, and which, it is said, he compelled his wife to confess.

Mrs. Conant is prostrated with grief. Conant remains calm. He is a tall, fair-looking man, about thirty-five years old, and has been employed in the Hishop store for nearly twenty years. He was a trusted clerk, and his judgment on silks was considered first-class. Pleasant and invariably courteous and kind, he was the last person to whom the crime of murder would appear likely to be attached.

Alfred McClellan, the victim, was a good-looking, smooth-faced, blue-eyed man of little below medium height. He, too, is a native of Norwich, and was twenty-seven years old. Formerly a shop-hand in Norwich, he eventually became an acrobat, and for several seasons traveled with E. J. Rice, of Greenwich, N. Y., as the "Rice Brothers," the two appearing together. They have been engaged with Tony Pastor, and last year were out West with the J. B. Doris circus. They were engaged to open the season with P. T. Barnum's show on the 10th of next month. He was the only son and support of his widowed mother, Mrs. Mary McClellan. He also took care of his sister.

Conant was married to Miss Emma Birchard seven years ago and they lived happily together. It is reported that a female relative of Conant recently invited him to drink tea with her and made known to him some youthful indiscretion on the part of Miss Birchard when McClellan was playing the part of beau to her. It is known that Conant has been under great excitement of late and has passed many sleepless nights.

## STODDARD AND DALY.

## A Rattling Glove Fight at Clarendon Hall, New York.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The glove contest between Hial H. Stoddard, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Capt. James C. Daly, was decided at Clarendon Hall, in this city, on Feb. 13. The very best of order was preserved by Capt. McCullough, who, having been told that some of the roughs intended to break up the affair if their man did not win, stationed his men all round the place, and then had it announced that as long as the contest was not a prize fight and was conducted in an orderly manner he would let it go on, but as soon as any ugly demonstrations were made he would stop it.

Both pugilists were in dead earnest, and there was no mutual lead and countering business about it: each man had gone prepared to do his very best, and before the entertainment closed the spectators were thoroughly satisfied that for once they had got the worth of their money.

After a wrestling match between Joe Ryan and John Dempsey, and an exhibition of boxing between McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, and Harry Woodson, the rival pugilists came to the scratch. Stoddard was the first in the ring and occupied the northwest corner. Daly soon followed and occupied the southwest corner. Frank Whitaker was master of ceremonies, Prof. Wm. C. McClellan acted as time-keeper, and Wm. E. Hardin filled the position of referee. Young Nixey and Bob Farrell attended Daly, while Ned Mahalan and the veteran Bob Smith, looked after Stoddard.

Stoddard is twenty-nine years of age, stands 5 feet 11½ inches, and weighs 190 pounds.

James Daly is twenty-nine years of age, stands 6 feet 1½ inches, and weighed 197 pounds. After the referee had cautioned both Daly and Stoddard about wrestling, he ordered the seconds out of the ring and called time.

ROUND 1.—Stoddard led off, and in an instant the men were swinging away right and left at each other's heads without any regard to science. Daly was immediately knocked down by a right-hander on the side of the head, and Stoddard was so anxious to get at him that he delivered with left and right before Daly had straightened himself up, and if the referee had desired, he had good cause to call "foul" and give the fight to Daly. But as he did not the men were soon at work again. Stoddard received two very hard blows on the nose and bled freely, and then he fought to the end of the round with his head down.

ROUND 2.—When the men came to the scratch for the second round they both had "bellows to mend," and commenced with half-arm hitting close together. The were soon staggering about like drunken sailors, without making the slightest attempt to stop each other's blows. Before the three minutes were up both men were completely exhausted, their blows had little force, and they were delivered in the most awkward manner.

ROUND 3.—The men staggered up to the scratch. Daly was first to lead, and planted his left on Stoddard's nose, turning on the crimson tap anew. Stoddard again dropped his head and fought left and right in a stooping position. His second called to him to keep his head up, but he did not heed the advice, and Daly got in several hits in his face, but had not strength enough to lift up Stoddard's head. A swinging blow from the latter landed on Daly's face, and he fell on his back. When put on his feet again he could scarcely stand up, and after a few more wild blows time was up for the men to go to their corners.

ROUND 4 AND LAST.—The men were now completely exhausted and staggered up to the scratch, and after a few blows were passed Daly fell, and when put on his feet again he staggered to the wall at the rear of the ring, and there seemed to be helpless. Stoddard struck him half a dozen blows on the left side of his head, when Capt. McCullough stepped on the stage, followed by a number of his men, and told the fighters to stop hostilities. The referee then declared the fight a draw on account of the interference.

Some exceptions were taken by friends of the fighters at the decision of the referee, both men's friends claiming the fight for their man.

As the fight was stopped by the police while both men were fighting, no other decision but that of a draw could be given. The fact of its being the fourth and last round made no difference; it would have been the same had the fight been stopped in the first round. Both men violated the rules by continually hugging each other and not breaking away when ordered by the referee. Stoddard struck the first blow, hitting Daly in the third point and knocking him down. It was more of a push than a blow. Stoddard fouled him while he was getting up, but no claim of foul was made, and afterward so much noise was made by the audience that the referee's orders were not heeded. Both men were game and fought for all they were worth. Stoddard seemed to have a stage-fright the first round, but rounded to afterward, and in the last round did about all the fighting. These pugilists may some day learn that one or two good blows in each round, delivered with full force, from a proper distance, are worth more than a hundred blows struck at half-arm with gloves on.

Daly has improved since he fought Pendergast, and went into the fight with a broken nose, the result of too free use of a bottle in the hands of a rough in a sporting saloon where he was trying to stop a fight. He was also harshly used by a mob at that time, getting both eyes blackened. It was talked about town before the fight that neither man was game, but the way each took his gruel must have satisfied all present that their courage could not be questioned.

## WHY, OH, WHY?

New York has pinned its faith late; however, up on Pendergast, though that gentleman presents elements of decided mystery. It would be a matter of considerable satisfaction to sporting men and the army of others who are interested in sporting matters here if they knew exactly what Pendergast's tactics are. Why has he not responded to Capt. James C. Daly's challenge, which was backed up a hundred-dollar forfeit, or by Mike Cleary's challenge, which was backed up by a deposit of \$250 with Richard K. Fox? Is he saving himself for Sullivan? If this is the case, Pendergast has made a mistake. Such men as Cleary and Daly are not to be dismissed with contempt, and after Pendergast had defeated either or both of them he would stand a much better chance of being recognized by Sullivan. The Boston champion will not return for several months yet, and when he does it is by no means certain that he will accommodate the Brooklyn man, who has as yet made no record worth speaking of. It is said that Pendergast has proposed to challenge any man in the world for \$2,500 a side, Sullivan preferred. But no money is on deposit, and the condition of things is decidedly mixed in the minds of New Yorkers.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

Eastman, Ga., is excited over the marriage of an eloping couple, in connection with which some romantic features have been developed. Two years ago, Maj. J. W. White, one of the wealthiest citizens of South Georgia, died, leaving a widow, aged fifty, the old lady contending with the belles of the town for beans of tender years. Lately, John Rogers, aged twenty-one, became smitten with her charms, and found himself an accepted suitor. In this juncture, relatives of the old lady, who are interested in the disposition of her late husband's estate, made violent opposition. Not to be thwarted, the young groom and aged bride eloped from Cochran, and, reaching Eastman, were duly married. The husband is devoted to the lady.

## GEO. MCCANN.

[With Portrait.]

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of George McCann. Description: Twenty-four years of age; 5 feet 6 inches in height; weight, 175 pounds; light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and smooth face. When last heard from was at Animas City, Colorado. Any information may be sent to George W. Brown, detective, Pittsboro, Pa., or to B. F. Myers, chief of police, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D., Boston.—No.  
F. S., Naugatuck, Conn.—No.  
R. E. B., Pottsville, Pa.—Yes.  
J. Q., Braddock, Pa.—Paddy Ryan.  
C. W., Albany, N. Y.—Thanks for letter.  
J. H., Albion, N. Y.—Your bet is a draw.  
P. B., Marlboro, Mass.—Thanks for items.  
S. W., Williamsburg, Pa.—Maud S. 2:34.  
Sandy, Kansas.—Tom Cannon is the tallest.  
J. M., New York.—The fight ended in a draw.  
CONSTANT READER, New Orleans, La.—A win.  
J. M. J., Tombstone.—Letter received, thanks.  
J. M. B., New Brunswick, N. J.—B went out first.  
W. K. S., Jefferson City.—Thanks for information.  
W. F. C., Newark, N. J.—We have not the address.  
R. B., St. Louis, Mich.—Your letter was attended to.  
D. M., Louisville, Ky.—See POLICE GAZETTE No. 333.  
P. M., Croton Landing, N. Y.—He was born in England.  
A. R. E., Cleveland, Ohio.—Letter received O. K., and attended to.

E. B. T., Hartsville, W. T.—Case's gelding is spelled Jay-Eye-See.  
J. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Harry Orme, the pugilist, died June 9, 1884.  
J. M., Port Hope, Canada.—Fred Archer won 232 races during 1883.

F. A. R., Rochester, N. Y.—We never heard of such an arrangement.  
D. N., Albany, N. Y.—The great fire of Chicago was in 1871, Oct. 8 and 9.

D. J., Baltimore, Md.—The Prince of Wales is forty-two years of age.  
H. R. W., Wayne, Neb.—We do not advertise the medical profession gratis.

M. H. J., San Francisco, Cal.—Advertise in the POLICE GAZETTE.

C. H., Alma.—John Steele, better known as Coal Oil Johnny, is not dead.  
CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg, Pa.—Frank McCoy is living in this city.

J. D., Baltimore, Md.—Iroquois will be trained for the 1884 turf campaign.  
M. J., Boston.—It was in 1854, West Australian won the Ascot Gold Cup.

F. and A., Woodford county, Eureka.—There is no such book published.

W. V., Albany, N. Y.—A wins; Ten Broeck's time for a mile is the fastest.

F. C., Warrensburg, N. Y.—We will use the picture when we have space.

H. L. L., Los Angeles.—Will forward you books. Thanks for information.

A. C. P., Silverton, Col.—Send \$2 to this office, and we will mail you the book.

J. M., Boston.—The largest State is Texas, it covers 237,321 square miles.

WEEKLY READER, Worcester, Mass.—He must commence at one and continue.

Mus-Ko-Gee.—The receipts were \$15,000, independent of the alleged stakes.

J. R. G., Crosswell, Mich.—Send on a forfeit, and we will publish your challenge.

J. M. D., Baltimore, Md.—Haulan has never been beaten in a regular match race.

D. M., Holyoke, Mass.—It is claimed Jim Goode weighs 175 lbs, with his clothes on.

J. K. W., Butte City, Montana.—Thanks for letter, it was too personal to publish.

A. A. W., Broad street, N. Y.—We do not advocate or furnish information on lotteries.

T. W., Sacramento, Cal.—Thanks for item. We shall be thankful for such information.

J. S. S., New York.—It was called the Olympic, and it was torn down about four years ago.

M. S., Baltimore.—Edward Haulan was born July 12, 1855. In condition he weighs 156 lbs.

J. L. M., Marysville, Cal.—The highest card always has the preference in cutting for deal.

J. A. L., Round Hill, Va.—Write to Harry Jennings, Broome street, near Centre Market, N. Y.

G. D., Ida Grove, Iowa.—Send 30 cents, and we will forward you the prize ring rules and the song.

H. B., Kansas City.—There is no personal tax required in New York city, as a qualification for voting.

T. E. J., Trenton, N. J.—Fred Cavill was reported to have swam across the Channel, Aug. 20, 1877.

G. L., Bristol, Pa.—Send on your photo. If you are anxious for a match, send on a forfeit and challenge.

M. G., Washington, D. C.—The distance of the Cesarewitch Handicap, is 2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards.

D. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—There was a cricketer named Julius Caesar. He died in England May 6, 1878.

C. M., Newark, N. J.—Tom Ryan and Yankee Sullivan fought Feb. 7, 1883, for \$10,000, at Rock Point, Md.

P. J., Southington, Ohio.—Frank Walworth killed his father, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, on June 3, 1873.

Wm. P. S., Sharon, Pa.—Write to Arthur Chambers, Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

A. Z., Lachine, Can.—Hazel covered 135 miles in the first 24h, Rowell 135 miles 220 yards, Hughes 150 miles.

D. S., Boston.—There are 1,134 trotters that have trotted in 2:30, or better, that will be on the turf this season.

S. B., Jackson county, Iowa.—Ned Seale's, of Sing Sing, N. Y., best record for a standing jump is 13 ft 5½ in.

N. H. McC., Balston, Pa.—About six months ago. Conners stands 5 ft 7½ in in height, and weighs 180 lbs.

M. W., Worcester, Mass.—1. Bill Lang, better known as the Crowatcher, is forty-five years of age. 2. No.

T. K. M., Greenpoint, L. I.—We have not the date. Write to the Signal Service Bureau, at Washington, D. C.

W. C., Clinton, La.—Write to the American News Co., they will supply you. We answer no correspondents by mail.

W. M. FREEMAN, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—We cannot accept your offer, as there would not be a demand for the book.

C. M., La Porte, Ind.—1. There is no champion pugilist of New Hampshire. 2. We never heard of the pugilist you name.

C. C. Brusa, Augusta, Ga.—Timothy seed is the best, and it should be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

G. H. B., Crompton, R. I.—In a four-handed game, you make 4 if you take every trick. If playing single-handed, you make 2.

P. O., Leavenworth, Kan.—1. Buckden, the stallion, died Nov. 22, 1882. 2. He broke down in 1874. 3. Capt. Cottrill owned him.

Y. F., Easton, Pa.—Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, stands 5 ft 5 in in height, and weighs 142 lbs, in condition.

CONSTANT READER, Providence, R. I.—The cast-iron man's name was Chas. Collins. He fought George Rooke at Fisher's Island.

J. L., C. P. R.—Elsworth & Van Buren, Rose street, N. Y.; Paulding, Ann street; Murphy, Brooklyn, are the leading bill-posters.

A FRIEND, Texas.—1. Send to Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street. 2. We have not the other addresses. 3. The above firm will supply you.

M. C., Baltimore.—1. The length of the City of Rome is 560 ft 2 in. She is not as long as the Great Eastern, whose length is 579 ft 6 in.

D. B., St. Paul, Minn.—Bob Way's record for jumping one single standing jump was the best prior to Ned Seale's eclipsing Way's 12 ft 8½ in.

M. S., Portland, Me.—The America won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup, defeating the British Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, England, Aug. 22, 1881.

P. H. K., Michigan.—1. We answer no correspondents by mail. 2. We have not the book you require. Write to the American News Company.

B. F. E., Yonkers, N. Y.—1. It cost \$1. 2. You must apply to Superintendent Walling, at Police Headquarters, Mulberry street, New York.

A. B., New York.—There are dozens of pedestrians who can accomplish the feat you claim your champion can. We do not desire to match him.

C. A. F., St. John, Apache county, A. T.—After reading your letter over carefully, we come to the conclusion that you are right in every particular.

M. H., Jacksonville, Ill.—1. Geo. Littlewood walked 531 miles in 6 days. 2. Flora Temple's fastest time, in harness, was 2:09½, at Kalamazoo, Mich.

W. O. S., Brighton, Mass.—Young English, the pugilist, is stopping with G. H. Royce, at the Narragansett House, 691 Washington street, Boston.

H. S., Leadville, Col.—The fastest time on record for 1 mile, heel-and-toe walking, is 6m 23s, made by Wm. Perkins, at London, England, June 1, 1874.

J. M., Boston.—John L. Sullivan did not knock Charley Mitchell out of time. The police stopped the contest before the three-minute rounds were ended.

D. M., Montreal, Can.—D. J. Ross, the well-known pedestrian, is serving a term of 20 years in a Michigan State Prison, for a murder done in self-defense.

W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—We do not believe in Seward's 100-yard performance, having seen several reports of the affair which vary in regard to the timing.

D. S., San Antonio, Texas.—1. The professional single-scutt race at the Centennial Regatta, held at Philadelphia in 1876, was won by Edward Haulan. 2. No.

J. P. M., Pierre, D. T.—The best 100-yard running record is said to be 9½s, made by Seward, in England, but we do not believe the performance was ever made.

J. S. W., Nemaha, Neb.—Wm. Cummings, the Scotch pedestrian, made the fastest running time for 1 mile, 4m 16½s, at Preston, England, on May 14, 1881.

J. S., Holyoke, Mass.—Adon Butler, the wrestler, is thirty-four years of age, and weighs 137 lbs. He claims to be the light-weight champion of the Northwest.

S. C. B., Selma, Ala.—1. If you can lift the weight you claim you beat the record and anybody you contend against. 2. Send us your picture, height, weight, age, etc.

C. S. P., Wisconsin.—1. Yankee Sullivan was imprisoned by the vigilance committee in San Francisco, on the charge of being a desperate character. 2. Nearly 2,000,000.

M. F., Belmont county, Ohio.—Send to this office for the "Life of Edward Haulan," price 30 cents, by mail. He is twenty-nine years of age, and weighs 158 lbs in condition.

PUPIL, Chicago, Ill.—1. Follow the instructions of your teacher, or send \$1.50 for a work on boxing. 2. If you do not want to become muscle-bound, use two-pound dumb-bells.

M. W., Alameda, Cal.—Tom Manning, the pugilist, who fought Billy Morgan at Portland, Oregon, is now bartender at Harry L. Leavitt's "Police Gazette" Shades, at Los Angeles, Cal.

W. S. B., New York.—The five men that threw 39 would be required to throw again to decide who should take first, second and third prizes. The party that threw 38 is not entitled to another throw.

J. D., Waltham, Mass.—1. We have not James Grant, the pedestrian's address. 2. Yes. 3. We do not back pedestrians, but the POLICE GAZETTE office is always open for parties desiring to arrange matches.

B. J. W., Williamsburg, Tremont county, Col.—We will publish the portrait when opportunity offers. If you want a challenge inserted, send it to this office with \$100 forfeit. It will then receive attention.

H. W. R., Minneapolis, Minn.—We do not charge for publishing pictures of athletes, but we use our own discretion about the size and time for using them. The picture you refer to will appear in its turn.

M. H. C., Pottsville.—Send 60 cents for the "Life of John L. Sullivan" and the "History of the Prize Ring," which books are published by Richard K. Fox, and will give you the information we have not space for.

D. S., Danville, Ohio.—The pigeon-shooting match between Joseph Erb, of St. Joseph, and Nagle, of Caroulet, at St. Louis, on Sept. 27, 1882, should have been shot at 30 yards' rise, as the agreement specified English rules.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. George Tarrier, the English oarsman, was born in Bermondsey, England, June 17, 1850. 2. He was beaten by Wm. Elliott, for £200, on the Tyne, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Bridge, on June 11, 1877.

D. S., Holyoke, Mass.—1. John C. Hecan died at Green River Station, W. T., and the Hon. John Morrissey died at Saratoga, N. Y. 2. The fastest one-mile walking time is 6m 23s, made by Wm. Perkins, at London, England, Oct. 24, 1877.

B. F. A., St. Louis, Mo.—Governor Cleveland's plurality over Folger, when he was elected Governor, was 192,854. He received 535,318 votes, and Folger 342,464. Hopkins, Prohibitionist, received 25,783 votes, and Howe, Greenback, 11,974.

J. K., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. We never heard of the athlete you name. 2. Jacob Jagendorfer may be the strongest man in the world, but we never heard of any of his feats. 3. There is no champion. 4. See our book advertisements, published weekly.

D. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Richard A. Pennell has elevated a 210½ lb. dumb-bell. 2. Heused both hands to raise the bell to the shoulder, then pushing it slowly up with one hand until the arm was fully extended and the body brought to an erect position.

TRANSACOMAN, Pawtucket, R. I.—1. We do not guarantee or advertise such firms free. 2. Nat Goodwin, the actor, and Nat Goodwin, the circus clown, are two different persons. 3. You had better write them for information. 4. Never heard of such a performer.

J. N., New York.—1. Edward A. Trickett, the Australian oarsman, was born in South Wales, in 1851. 2. He stands 6 ft 3½ in, and weighs 170 lbs. 3. Haulan's first race with Trickett was rowed on Nov. 15, 1880, on the Thames, England, and Haulan won easily. 4. No.

P. M., Company D, Seventh infantry, Fort Laramie.—1. San Francisco Minstrels are located near Daly's theatre, on Broadway, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets. 2. The St. Maro Hotel is situated near the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Fifth avenue. 3. Yes. 4. Yes.

M. S., Olean, N. Y.—1. The Ward crew did not row at the exposition regatta at Paris in 1877. 2. The Ward crew never defeated the Paris crew of St. John, N. B. The latter four won the only race in which they ever engaged with the Wards—at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1868.

J. Q., Greeley, Col.—1. John Morrissey tried to arrange a match with Tom Hyer, on several occasions, but failed. 2. Hyer and Morrissey did meet at the Abbey, on the outskirts of New York, to fight, when Hyer produced pistols. 3. We do not answer correspondents by mail. 4. Send for the "Life of John Morrissey."

G. M., Washington.—On July 8, 1871, Henry Coulter, of Manchester, Pa., who held the title of champion single-scuttler of the United States, challenged James Renforth, the English champion, to row 5 miles, for \$1,000 a side, but Renforth refused to row unless the American champion would agree to row on neutral waters.

C. D., Indianapolis.—1. Duncan C. Ross was born at Scenotri, Turkey, May 16, 1855. 2. He served 6 years and 100 days in the British cavalry, as sword instructor. 3. Yes, he defeated Col. Chas. Leeson, a Texas Ranger, in a mounted sword contest, at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 30, 1881, 13 points to 2. 4. You can address him in care of this office.

A. S., Lexington, Ky.—The first international rifle match was shot at Creedmoor in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club, and an Irish team composed of six of the winners of the Elcho shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans, with a score of 934 out of a possible 1,350, and the beaten team only three points behind.

G. B., Whitehall, Mich.—1. If you want to issue a challenge to fight Sullivan, send on \$250 forfeit, and your challenge will be published. 2. Sullivan has announced that he will not fight again, and it is probable you will waste time. Your best plan, if you mean business, is to post \$250 forfeit and issue a challenge to fight any pugilist, and you will find an acceptor.

D. M., Pottsville, Pa.—Edwin Bibby and John Conners did wrestle for \$1,000—\$500 a side. Patrick Golden, of Scranton, put up \$500 for Conners, while Thomas Hay put up \$500 for Bibby. Richard K. Fox, who held the money, sent his check for \$500 to Conners, while the other \$500 was given to Bibby. You can bet the party \$500 that the match was bona fide.

J. H. S., Fort Steele.—1. Pete McCoy does not hold the middle-weight championship of America. George Rooke holds that title. 2. The middle-weight championship has not been fought for since 1868, when Matt, better known as Rocky Moore defeated George Rooke. Moore shortly after retired from the prize ring, and Rooke challenged any man in the country to fight for the title, which challenge was never taken up.





HELEN OTTOLENGUI.

[Photo by Sarony.]

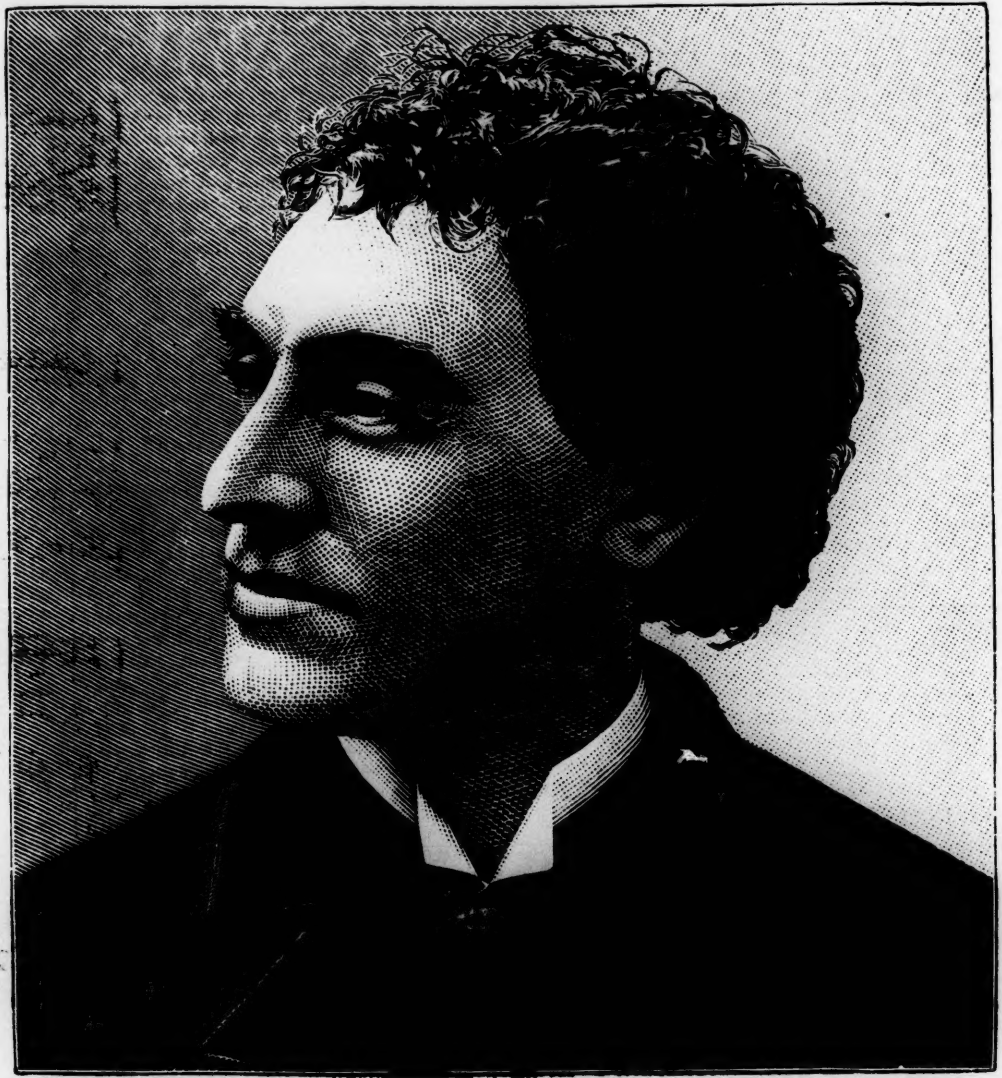
**Helen Ottolengui.**

Miss Ottolengui is a very clever young actress, whose chief misfortune, so far, has been that she has flown too high. She has done some fine acting and will do more in her time, as long as she does not essay parts which are beyond her reach. Miss Ottolengui, as our picture shows, is

a very pretty woman, which is next to brains in the struggle for success on the stage.

**Lewis Morrison.**

Mr. Morrison is a native of the West Indies, but has been identified with the American stage all his life. He is one of the best heavy men



LEWIS MORRISON.

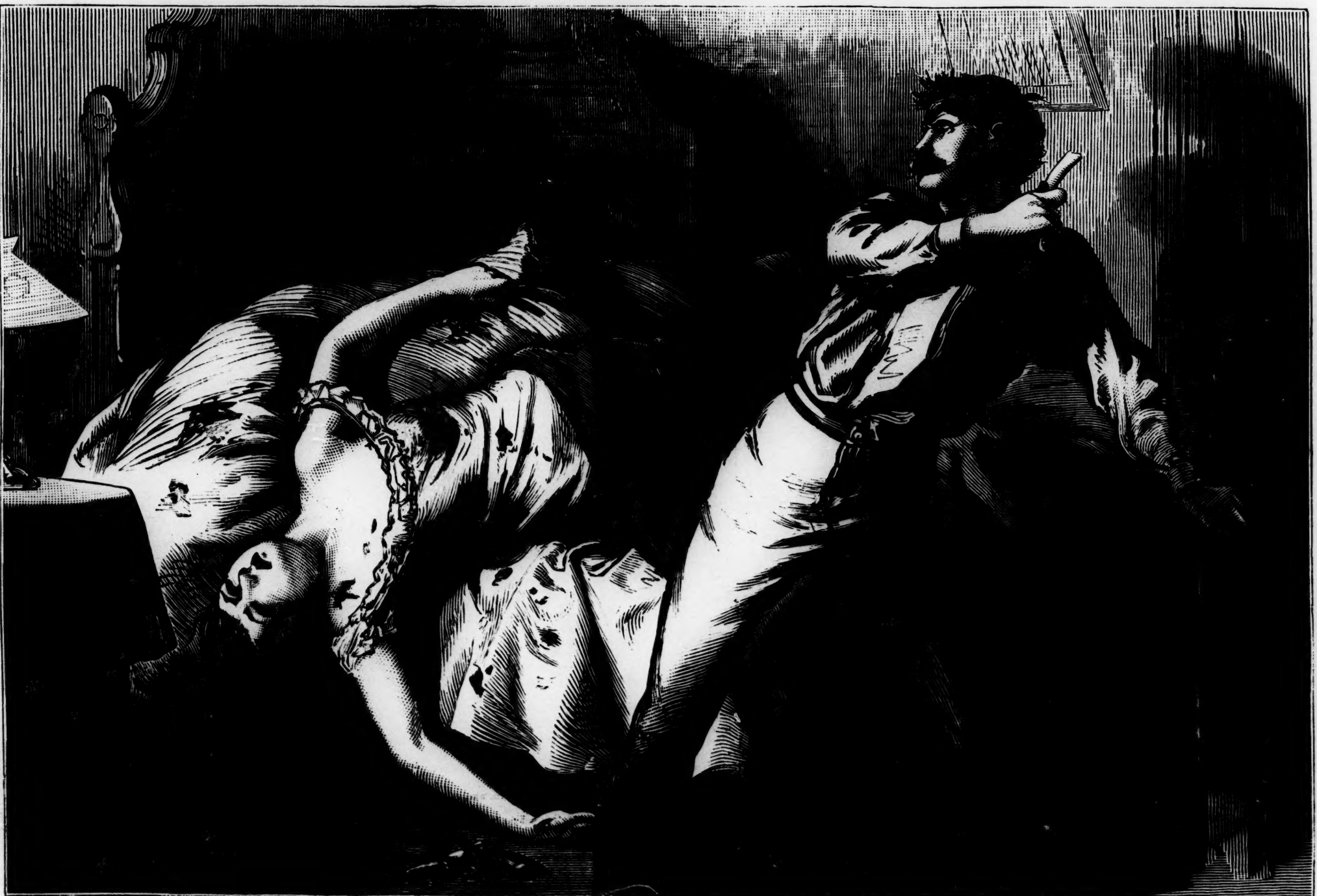
[Photo by Falk.]

who act in the English language. He is an actor of vast experience and sterling ability, and his recent successes have all been honestly earned.

**Wanted a Bedfellow.**

Mrs. William Gregory, of Bellaire, Ohio, applies for a divorce from her husband, and Mr.

Gregory enters his protest by filing a cross-petition. They have been married twenty-four years. The wife alleges nothing very grave against Mr. G—, but the husband states that for eight years past the wife has persistently refused, while partaking of his board, to share his bed. Their children are all grown, and apparently have no preference as to whom the winner shall be in the unpleasant case.



A DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW ORLEANS.

JAMES GRAHAM, A ONCE SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, CRAZED BY DRINK, MURDERS HIS WIFE AND THEN COMMITS SUICIDE.





JOHN HAGEN,

THE GALLANT PHILADELPHIA BOY WHO RESCUED  
EIGHT COMRADES FROM DROWNING.

#### Young Nixey.

Nathan Lovell, known as Young Nixey, was born in Liverpool, Eng., on June 24, 1845. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, in condition, 122 pounds. He beat Tommy Hayes in same ring as Bob Smith and Harry Burgess, fought in 9 rounds, lasting 21 minutes, Sept. 15, 1883. Beat Billy Langan, son of the renowned Charley Langan, at Fiddler's Ferry, Liverpool District,

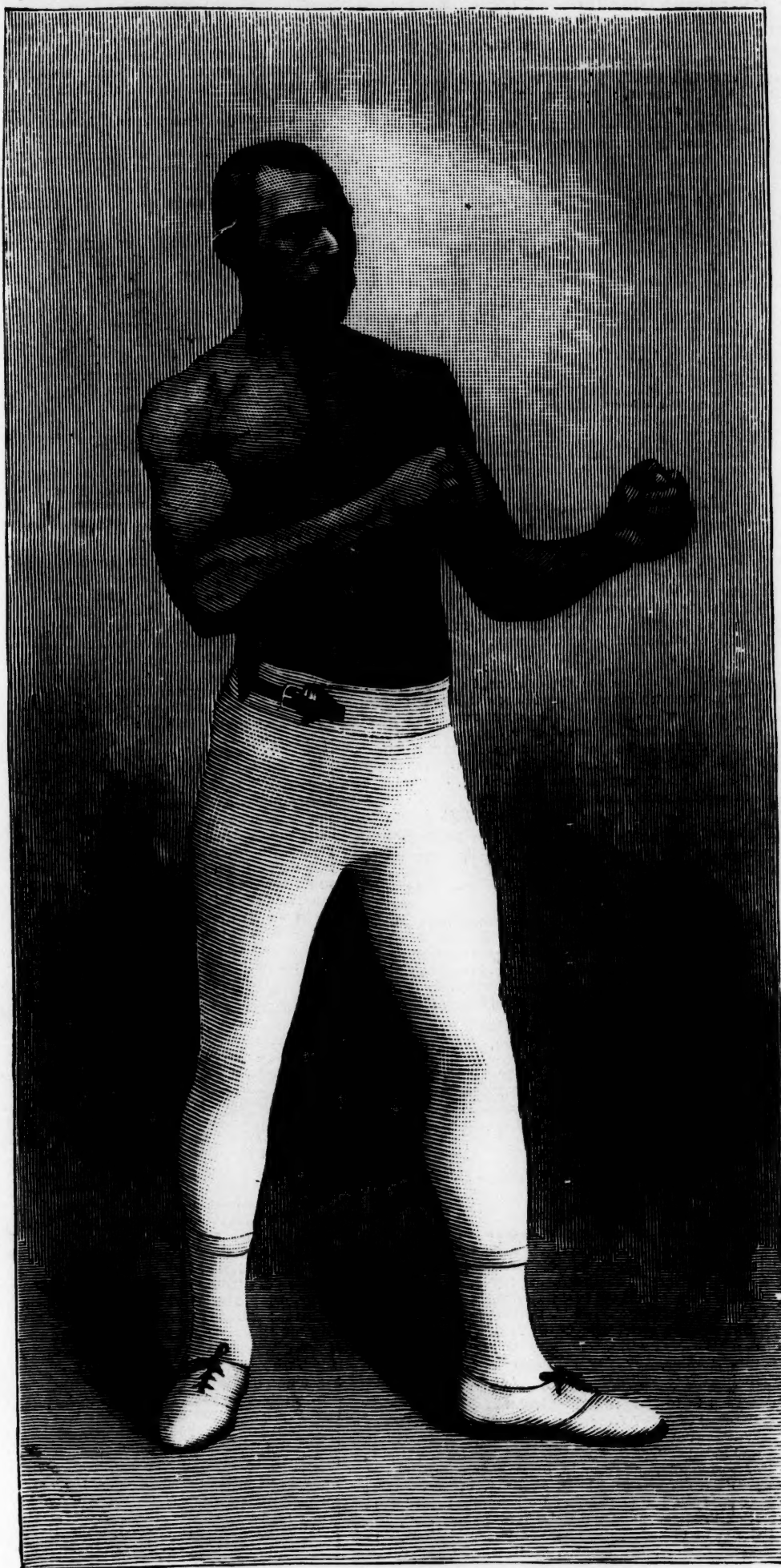
Sept. 21, 1883, in 11 rounds, lasting 31 minutes 40 seconds. He then gave lessons in the manly art in the gymnasium, Liverpool, for three years. He next met Billy Edwards in a glove contest in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which ended in a draw. In November, 1878, he met Arthur Chambers in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, at the latter's benefit, and wound up with Chambers before 10,000 spectators. He has fought several other battles which, by some error, is not recorded in "Fistiana." He then retired from the ring until April, 1883, when he was brought over to this country by Jem Mace, and traveled with the Mace and Slade Combination. He is now engaged at Billy Madden's Sporting House, 120 East Thirteenth street, near Fourth avenue, giving lessons in boxing.

#### McHenry Johnson.

The colored pugilist was born in Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 7, 1859. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs, in condition, about 190 pounds. He has never fought in the ring, but has figured in numerous glove contests, and has always acquitted himself with credit.

#### John Hagen.

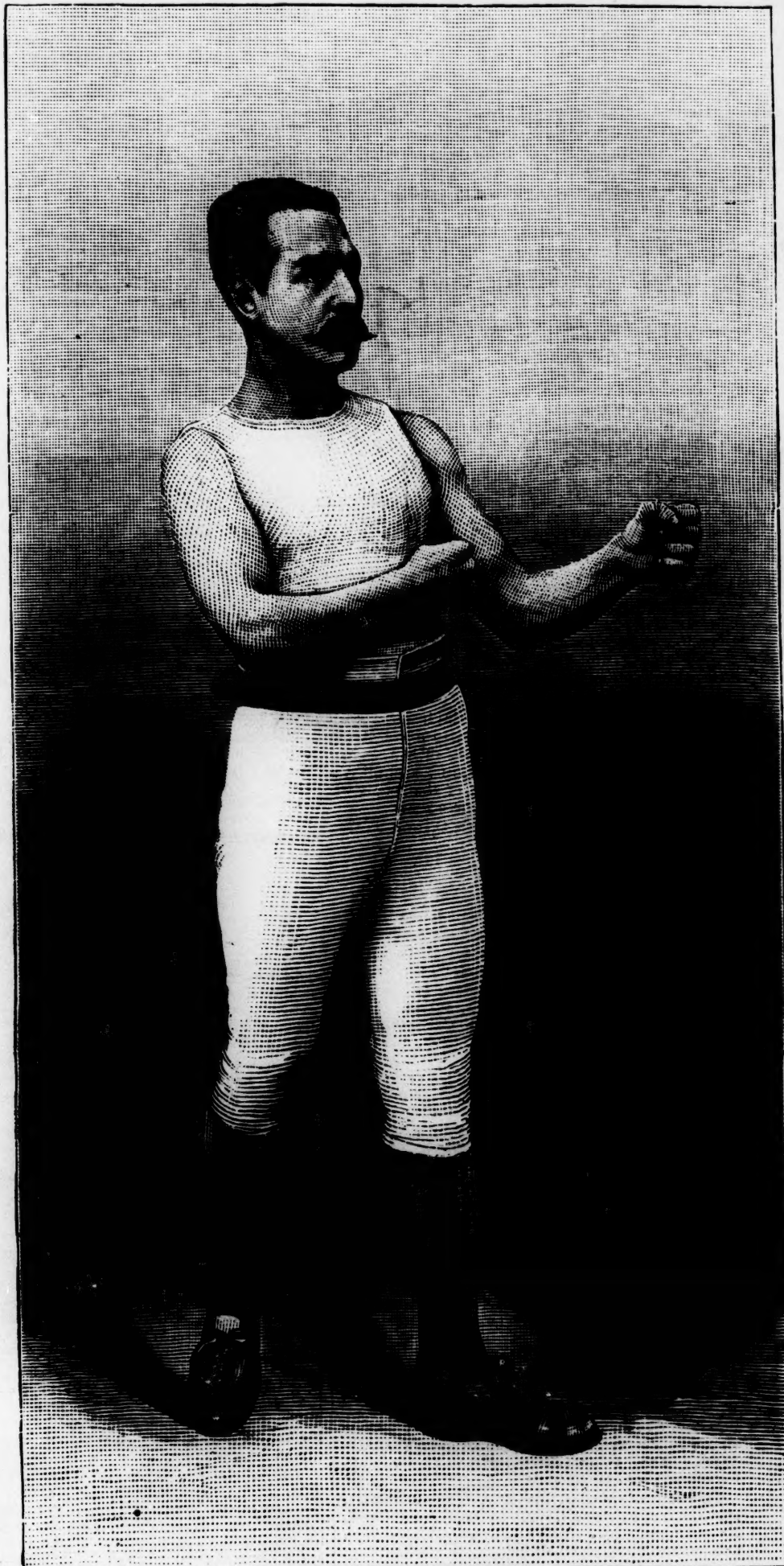
We publish this week a portrait of John Hagen, the brave young Philadelphian, the hero of the rescue of eight boys from drowning on the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, on Sunday, Feb. 3, an account and illustration of which was published in our last number. We rejoice to hear that a substantial effort is being made to reward the young hero.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

#### McHENRY JOHNSON,

A COLORED HERCULES WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AS A FIRST-CLASS BOXER.  
[Photo by John Wood.]



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

#### YOUNG NIXEY,

THE FAMOUS LIGHT-WEIGHT ENGLISH PUGILIST, NOW WINNING HONORS IN THIS COUNTRY.

[Photo by John Wood.]

#### A Hunt for Wife and Child.

Last summer John Hoerlle purchased a saloon in Indianapolis, Ind., and, together with his presumed wife and child, occupied apartments overhead. A short time ago Hoerlle sold out, but continued to occupy his old apartments. On Feb. 6 two strangers put in an appearance and angry words were heard from his apartments, followed by a scuffle and the sudden retreat of one of the strangers down the stairway, his speed accelerated by a shot from Hoerlle's revolver, which failed of its aim. The stranger was John Groll, of New York city, the husband of the supposed Mrs. Hoerlle and the father of the little girl, who is aged about eight years. According to Mr. Groll's story, he formerly kept a saloon and boarding-house in New York, and Hoerlle was a frequenter of his place. Last May Mrs. Groll sold two pieces of property and with the proceeds started, as the husband supposed, for Germany, taking the child with her. Mr. Hoerlle disappeared about the same time. Not hearing from his wife, Mr. Groll also crossed the ocean, but failed to find any trace of her, and he returned to New York. Receiving a pointer which led him to Indianapolis, he went there with a friend. His main object was to recover possession of the child; and in this it appears he was successful, for while Groll and Hoerlle were wrangling his friend coaxed the little one away and made direct for the depot, where they were joined in due time by Mr. Groll, and took the first train eastward. Mr. Hoerlle has also disappeared.

of marriageable age have formed themselves into a league and taken a solemn oath to have a husband before leap year has ended.



JENNIE H. ALMY,

A PERSON thoroughly informed says that seventeen young ladies in Colorado Springs

WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE AT AN ELEVATED STATION, AFTER SHOOTING VICTOR ANDRE,



## SPORTING NEWS.

MALONE, the fifteen-ball pool champion, was beaten by King, at Syracuse, Feb. 2.

PRINCETON COLLEGE will enter a crew for the inter-collegiate races to be rowed the coming season.

THE glove contest between Crowley and Streets ended in a fizzle, owing to Crowley backing out.

JAMES WAKLEY offers to match either Mike Cleary or George Rooke to fight Joe Pendergast for \$1,000.

THE hand-glove contest between Powers and an Unknown, did not take place at Troy, N. Y. on Feb. 1.

HANKINSON has been released by the New Yorks, and will probably play in Baltimore the coming season.

CHARLES O. BREED, the New England athlete and gymnast, challenges any amateur to put up a 120-lb dumb-bell.

CLARENCE WHISTLER has retired from the wrestling arena with a dislocated shoulder and has opened a saloon.

BILLY MCMAHON says he will bet \$1,000 that John L. Sullivan cannot knock out or stop John Flood in four three-minute rounds.

E. C. BITTLE, of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived in Toronto on Feb. 9, and issued a challenge to fight or spar any man in Canada at 150 lbs. for \$500.

HARRY BENNIE, of Black Hawk, has engaged Harry Morgan, the pugilist, to take charge of his sporting academy, at Socorro, New Mexico.

At Philadelphia, on Feb. 3, Tom Tugman, the noted sporting man, who resides at 125 Ash street, was fined \$30 for engaging in a cocking main.

TOPSEY TAYLOR, of Philadelphia, issues a challenge to Bennie Jones, the wrestler, to a four-round glove contest, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

It is understood that the Union Baseball Association are about to offer Ward, of the New York Club, \$25,000 to play with them for three years.

WM. HOUGH, formerly of Niles, O., and Skates Graham, have made a match for a 125-yard foot-race, for \$500 a side. The race will be run at Pittsburg.

At last John Teemer and P. J. Conley have signed articles of agreement to row 3 miles with a turn, at Pullman, Ill., on May 30, for a purse of \$2,000.

LESTER L. BURTON, the noted collar-and-elbow wrestler, of Ohio, is in Cleveland, Ohio. He makes Duncan C. Ross' sporting house his headquarters.

TOM CARNEY, weight 230 lbs, offers to run John L. Sullivan, when he arrives in Galveston. Sullivan to run 100 yards, while Carney is to run 50 yards, carrying 150 lbs.

PROF. A. R. RUMSEY, the famous Cleveland athlete, arrived in this city last week. Rumsey has invented a patent spring bag, just the thing for pugilists to strike at.

A GRAND athletic tournament will be held in Chicago in August, in the Exposition Building. It is under the management of Frank E. Yates and Wm. Lakeman.

On Feb. 5 Alice L. Johnson, of Middle Haddam, Conn., skated from Hartford to Middle Haddam, over the Connecticut river, in 2h and 25m. The distance is 26 miles.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS has put up a forfeit of \$100 for William Sheriff to fight any one (Sullivan not barred) to a finish, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

On Feb. 11 the second ice-boat race for the Dr. J. C. Barron Cup was sailed over a fourteen-mile course at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The Jack Frost won, with Jessie B. second.

MESSRS. Chinn and Morgan will sell all their racing stock next month, with the exception of Leonatus, who will be kept for stud purposes after fulfilling his season's engagements.

THE champion fighting dog, Jack Napoleon, is matched to fight Sport, of Louisville, for \$2,000. Jack Napoleon has fought twelve battles, eight untrained, and has never yet been defeated.

SHERIFF, the Prussian, met G. W. Sawdry, a local pugilist, in Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 30, and used him up in 3 rounds with the gloves. Then all hands went into a free fight and were arrested.

DOMINICK McCaffrey's six-round glove contest with John Kilrain, which was to have taken place Feb. 8, at Boston, was postponed until Feb. 29, when it will be decided in the Crib Club.

HENRY M. LAWSON, of last season's St. Paul team, has been signed by the Cincinnati Unions. They are gradually getting a team together, and by the time the season opens they will succeed.

JEM MACE offers to bet \$1,000 in England that no man can knock him out in four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with gloves or bare knuckles, although he is fifty-three years old.

PROF. WM. MILLER will arrive in San Francisco about March 6, and will bet Sullivan \$2,500 that Sullivan cannot stop him or knock him out in 6 three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

THE Cincinnati American Baseball Club have closed a contract with J. J. Woulfe, of New Orleans, to play with them next season, and the Cleveland Club have engaged H. W. Smith and Harry Arundel.

HARRY GILMORE, the feather-weight pugilist, has accepted a challenge to fight Jim Hurst, a Boston feather weight. Both men will weigh 122 lbs, and wear hard gloves, to a finish, according to the London prize ring rules.

HOSMER, the Lightning Boy of Boston, has given up walking, and will now engage in training to meet any oarsman who is anxious to row against him. Hosmer will stand a good show in a row with anybody but Hanlan.

On Feb. 1, at Portland, Me., Mike Barry, of the latter city, and Denis Delaney, of Biddeford, signed articles to fight with hard gloves, for \$500 and the light-weight championship of Maine, within 100 miles of Portland.

A GREAT OFFER.—The Broome-Hannan prize fight. A splendid large engraving, magnificently colored, will be sent anywhere with the Key on receipt of 50 cents. Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

It now transpires that the winning pedestrians in the six day race at San Francisco did not receive their prizes, and the Sheriff seized the box receipts on the last night for debt Muldoon had contracted at Alameda.

THE track at Mechanic's Institute, Boston, on which it was alleged that Frank Murray walked a mile in 6m 24 2/5s, was recently surveyed, and turned out to be 300 ft short. No wonder the amateur champion could make fast time.

W. C. GIBBS of Kansas City, has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in the State of Missouri for \$250 a side, and net door receipts, the match to be catch-as-catch-can or Graco-Roman, and the challenge to hold good for three weeks.

THE Active Baseball Club, of Reading, have signed eleven players for next season. Halpin, Jacoby, McLaughlin, Boyle, Parsons, Friel, Schappart, Creekbaum, Meegan, Grady and Cullen, Frank Heiler will manage the team.

TIMOTHY BUCKLEY, the noted sporting man of Taunton, Mass., has opened an elegant billiard and pool-room on School street, Taunton. There are three pools and two billiard-tables, and the walls are covered with pictures of sporting men.

On Feb. 9, at Newark, N. J., there was a cocking main between Hoboken and Jersey City. Five battles, each for \$50, with \$250 on the main, were arranged, but the fifth battle was not fought. Jersey City won four straight battles and the main.

PROF. WM. C. MCLELLAN has opened a first-class sporting house on the southeast corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue. It was formerly occupied by Billy Madden. Attached to the building is a large hall, and McClellan boxes all comers nightly.

HARRY WISEMAN, the sporting proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Shades, Astoria, Oregon, is doing an elegant business. He has added a splendid picture-gallery of all the pugilists, and his saloon is the resort for all sporting men. The "Police Gazette" is kept on file.

RED CONNOLLY, of this city, has recovered from the effects of being thrown over the benches on his back, in the match he fought with Pat Gegan, and wants to try it again for \$100 a side, or to box Mike Coburn's Unknown four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

"BABY" BARNES, the Kansas City giant, it is claimed, has been matched to fight the Columbus Terror for \$500 a side. Neither the "Baby" or the Terror amount to anything, and if they ever fight, it will be in a 180-foot ring, so that there is little chance of their striking each other.

THERE was a great prize hunt between forty-four sportsmen of Houston, Texas, held Jan. 23, the respective sides, of twenty-two men each, being captained by Hutchinson and Tallaferro. The latter won by a score of 363 to 323. The king killer was George Ellis, who knocked out 92.

THE National Baseball Club, of Washington, D. C., have just completed their team for 1884. The players are as follows: Lockwood, pitcher; Snyder, catcher; Voss, Evers and Kelly on the bases; Wise, short-stop; Cregeen, Baker and Tenney in the outfield; substitutes, Carroll and Gerhardt.

LATEST advices from England state that Wallace Ross is working hard for his race with George Bubeur, which is to be rowed over the Thames on March 10. Since Bubeur rowed the procession race with Wm. Elliott, English boatmen are confident Ross cannot give Bubeur 10s and a beating.

LON WRIGHT, the well-known sporting man of the Hub, has opened "The Pickwick Wine Room" at 190 South street, Boston. His walls are replete with the portraits of the sporting men of the present as well as the past century. His files of the "Police Gazette" and other sporting papers are always filled.

JOHN GASSMAN, of the North Side Athletic Club, amateur champion long-distance runner of America, has accepted Mr. P. Golden's challenge for a fifty-mile run, and all the arrangements were completed last week. The race will take place at Wood's Athletic Grounds on Washington's Birthday.

GEORGE E. SMITH defeated C. J. Connors in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match at the opera house, at Wyandotte, D. T., on Feb. 6, winning the first fall in 11m and the third in 12m. Connors won the second fall in 8m. Smith belongs to Wyandotte and weighs 190 lbs. Connors belonged to Denver and weighs 150 lbs.

MONEY is up for a glove contest between John Hughes, "The Dangerous Blacksmith," of Brooklyn, and James Ryan, of Philadelphia: \$200 a side and the house receipts; to take place in this city on March 1, it a suitable hall can be obtained, and to be according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Hughes, to win, must stop Ryan in 4 rounds.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY, who will be remembered by many as being a very unfortunate oarsman, contemplates furnishing the paragraphs of the country with an opportunity to wield their caustic pens by putting himself forward once more as a sculler. With this point probably in view he has sent to Rud-dock for terms, etc., for a new shell.

On Jan. 4, at Manning Hall, Salem, Mass., the fifty-mile walking match between George H. Hosmer and R. E. Pollock, was won by Hosmer. Pollock quit the track, just after the completion of his thirty-second mile. The score was, according to the official scorer and time-keeper, George A. Collins: Hosmer, 33 miles in 5h 37m 15s; Pollock, 5h 38m.

THE Sullivan combination will, on their return, travel via the Southern Pacific, exhibiting in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. It is then Sullivan's desire to make a tour of the Northern States and Canada, and afterward return to Boston, for which city he has that affection which characterizes all natives of the "Hub."

YOUNG Tom Allen says that he was never knocked out by Bob Farrell, and that he and Farrell have always been the best of friends. If Farrell or his friends think that Farrell can stop Allen in four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, Allen is ready to make a match for \$250 or \$500 a side. The report was a hoax, and was circulated for the benefit of Farrell.

W. F. MITCHELL, the English wing shot, is after Bogardus and Carver, and has posted a forfeit of \$25 as an evidence of his desire to meet either of them. He says that if they do not accept his challenge he will claim the championship of the world. Dr. A. M. McLane, of Leadville, offers to shoot Mitchell for from five cents to \$500 a side, and pay his expenses from Chicago to Leadville.

MESSRS. WOODSIDE and Morgan, the professional bicyclists, have changed the location of the starting-point for their great bicycle ride across the continent. They have decided to start from New York on May 1, and will ride via Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Chicago, Salt Lake City, etc., and have made arrangements with the respective backers to have an extension of time.

AT Williamsburg, Col., recently, John Miller, of Williamsburg, and George Ferguson, of Rockvale, pitched a match game of quoits, 18 yards, clay ends, 61 points, for \$250 a side. Ferguson won easily, making

61 to Miller's 43. John Tinn, the champion at 18 yards, then arranged a match with Ferguson for \$1,000 a side. J. W. Welsh, the boniface of the O. K. saloon, Coal Creek, Col., was made final stakeholder.

PATSY SHEPPARD, the proprietor of the Abbey, 71 Harrison avenue, Boston, will be tendered a benefit by his many pupils. Very few professional boxers now in this country have made themselves so popular as Sheppard, and not many of them are his superiors in the science of sparring. If there were more Sheppards and fewer blatant "scrapers," boxing would be rated more respectable than it now is.

A BASEBALL association was organized at St. Paul a few days ago with a capital of \$10,000. It will be a member of the Northwestern League. The management will organize a nine at once, which is easier said than done, as ball-tossers are scarce, and they want a good round salary. They ought to get a few players like Mulane, and they will be kept busy all the season.

THE cocking main between New York and New Jersey was fought on Feb. 14 and 15. Each side showed 17, from 4 lbs to 5 lbs, and fought for \$50 each battle and \$400 the main. Eleven battles were fought and the New York fowls won, score 3 to 11. The New York fowls were handled by Denny Mahoney, while Tom Rogers handled the Paterson fowls. It was a lovely main for the winner, for he won handsomely.

AN international wrestling and boxing tournament will take place at Clarendon Hall, New York, Feb. 27. All boxers and wrestlers wishing to compete for the handsome gold medals offered, will please send in their names and respective classes to 270 Bowery, New York. H. W. Peckham and Steve O'Donnell, managers. The "Police Gazette" rules will govern the contests.

E. J. BALDWIN's (of California) noted race-horse, Lucky B., is matched to run against Patsy Duffy, six years, by Lelster; dash of a mile and a quarter, and against Jocko, five years, by Caribon, to run a dash of 3 miles, for \$5,000 each. Patsy Duffy's races against Jim Benwick recently have shown him to be a tough nut to crack, and Jocko ran and won a four-mile race last August in San Francisco, in which he made the creditable time of 7:31 1/2.

A COLORED baseball club, known as the Atlantic Baseball Club, of Baltimore, has been organized, and the following players have already been engaged: Askins, pitcher; Proctor, catcher; L. Wilson, R. J. Wilson and Coleman on the bases; Brown, short-stop; Burrell, Slaughter and Dorsey in the outfield; Stewart, Gray and Thomas, substitutes. The managers are going to enter the team in the Colored League that is to be organized.

It is understood that the day after the McCaffrey-Walsh glove contest, at Philadelphia, the men and their backers met at Jimmy Ryan's, and a second match was made, McCaffrey's backers staking \$10 to \$5 on their man, and also betting \$10 to \$7 that he would knock Walsh out. A forfeit was put up in Ryan's hands, and it began to look like business. Walsh's backers, however, asked leave to draw the forfeit, and consent was given.

On Feb. 13, at Cleveland, Ohio, Duncan C. Ross issued the following challenge: "I will match Mervin F. Thompson, of this city, to spar John L. Sullivan with hard gloves, to a finish, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000, ring rules to govern. I will deposit the money in the Ohio National Bank, or with any responsible party agreeable to Sullivan, as soon as notified of his acceptance. Any communication addressed to 171 Ontario street will be attended to."

WHILE in Sacramento, Pete McCoy offered to fight or box Young Dutchy, the recently arrived Australian light-weight champion, for \$1 or \$1,000, to which Dutchy replied that he was willing to meet McCoy in six weeks from signing articles and box him with gloves, as permitted by law, in any place on the Pacific coast, for any amount up to \$5,000, the winner to take half the winalings and gate money, and the other half to go to some charitable institution.

THE following explains itself:  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 8, 1884.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR—I am prepared to match my running, bull-dog Toodles, against any bull-dog living, to run 200 yards for \$250 a side. To give and take yards to the pounds. To prove I mean business, I have forwarded you \$50 forfeit, and will agree that Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder and appoint referee.  
D. C. ASHLEY.

FRANK CABINE was defeated in Philadelphia on Feb. 14, by George A. Beach, opening 200 oysters in a match for \$500. The time occupied was 9m 30s. On Feb. 15 James Hanley called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, left \$50 and a challenge on behalf of an Unknown, to open 200 oysters against George A. Beach, of Philadelphia, for \$250 a side. Hanley will meet Beach or his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 21, at 4 P. M., to sign articles of agreement. Hanley has posted \$50 with Richard K. Fox, which shows that he means business.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopana, Wm. Baker, Wm. Boyd, Mr. Cawood, Chas. Courtney, Peter Durica, Frank C. Dobson, C. Duncan, Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, Edward Hanlan, Alonso Hiwanda, John Hickman, Frans Kurmner, Geo. W. Lee, Harry Monroe, W. Mantell, Wm. Muldoon (2), Arch. McCombs, Geo. W. Moore, Dan O'Leary, E. Pidgeon, Wallace Ross, June Rankin, Frank Rose, Mr. Sparks, John L. Sullivan, D. F. Twomey, Miss Minnie Vernon, Capt. M. Webb, John Williams (3), Walter Yager.

JOHN C. HOAGLAND, the champion fifteen-ball pool-player of New Jersey, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 8, 1884, accompanied by his backer, James Adams, left \$25 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and issued a challenge to play James Hamilton, of Norwalk, Conn., the best of 31 games, fifteen-ball pool for \$50 to \$100 a side. The match to be decided 14 days from signing articles, in New York city. Hoagland and his backer will meet Hamilton at the POLICE GAZETTE office, any day he may name, to arrange a match.

THE following are the players for the Ironside Baseball Club, of Lancaster, Pa., for 1884: Pitchers, Williams, of Westfield, Mass., Fire Department Club, and Morrissey, of Springfield, Mass.; catchers, Derby, of Springfield, and Oldfield, of Philadelphia, and last year's Ironsides: first base, Murphy, of Springfield; second base, John Green, of Philadelphia; third base, Nick Bradley, of last year's Trentons; short stop, Ed. Green, of Philadelphia, and last year's Eastons, and other fielders, McTamany, of Ross, of Chester last year; J. H. Hamilton, of Orange, Mass., with the batteries.

WE had a call from Hattie Stewart, of Norfolk, Va., who claims to be the female champion boxer of America. Many may doubt her claim to that title, but she is ready to meet all comers. Hattie Stewart and her husband, Dick Stewart, have been

engaged by The Allen's American Mabile Athletic and Variety Combination, who are now on a tour. In the meantime, if any of the female pugilists desire to toe the scratch with the new claimant to the female boxing championship, a deposit with a challenge sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office will be promptly attended to.

JOHN MCMAHON is training for his collar-and-elbow wrestling match with H. M. Dufur, at Boston. McMahon, in a letter, says: "If at any time during the year I am fairly thrown, and find that some wrestler better than myself has come upon the carpet, I will gracefully and cheerfully withdraw at once, but until I am fairly and satisfactorily defeated, I will go on as usual for another year. After this match with Dufur has been got out of the way, I will be prepared to wrestle any man in the world, collar-and-elbow style, for \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side. If any of them can throw me, they can have my backers' and my money, but next time I wrestle I warrant you that I'll be in condition as good as that which I have at any time shown."

On Feb. 5, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, the great cocking main which would have lasted four days was stopped. A large delegation of sporting men were present from Cincinnati, Covington, Hillsboro, Columbus, Newark, Chillicothe, Circleville, Stratsville, Cleveland, Logan and many other parts of Ohio Washington City, Fort Wayne and Richmond, Ind. But one fight took place, for \$50 a side, between a gray owned by S. Bennett, of Mount Vernon, and a black-red of Columbus, which was won by Mount Vernon. The kick was caused by several jealous saloon-keepers of that city, and through the influence of Rev. Hall, of the Congregational Church, at whose instance an indignation meeting was held and measures taken to have the officers raid the pit and arrest the participants. The entire crowd, with their birds, left for Columbus, where the main was continued on Feb. 6, 7 and 8, and over 300 cocks participated.

THE National Trotting Association have elected the following officers: President, Judge James Grant, Davenport, Iowa; Vice-presidents, Gen. W. S. Tilton, Togus, Me.; the Hon. S. K. Dow, Chicago, Ill.; District Boards—Eastern District, Burdett Loomis, Hartford, Conn.; George M. Stearns, Chicopee, Mass., and John Shepard, Boston, Mass.; Atlantic District, George Sturges, Philadelphia, Penn.; Paul H. Hacke, Pittsburg, Penn.; and David Bonner, New York: Central District, Maj. H. C. McDowell, Lexington, Ky.; M. T. Payne, Kansas City, Mo., and Thomas Axworthy, Cleveland, Ohio. Western District, M. M. Morse, Earlville, Ill.; U. C. Blake, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and D. L. Hall, Chicago, Ill. Pacific District, N. T. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.; J. McM. Shafter, San Francisco, Cal., and L. J. Rose, San Gabriel, Cal. The next congress will be held in Chicago in February, 1886.

A DISPATCH to the POLICE GAZETTE from St. Louis, Feb. 13, says: "Tom Allen, at one time the champion prize fighter of America, was the defendant in a criminal case in the Court of Criminal Correction to-day. In 1876 Allen fought Joe Goss on Kentucky soil. The two were subsequently arrested, and while Goss stood trial and was fined \$1,000, Allen jumped his bail. One of his bondsmen, a gentleman named Farrell, caused his arrest here on the ground that he was a fugitive from justice. The forfeited bond amounted to \$2,000. Allen showed that he was reimbursing Farrell for this loss, paying him in installments. Allen produced a receipt for \$500, said he was going to pay the balance as soon as he could, and added that Farrell had caused his arrest for no other purpose than to hurry up the payments. Papers corroborative of this statement were shown, and as a result the prosecuting attorney refused to proceed, and the Court ordered Allen's discharge."

THE great ice-boat race for the championship was decided on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie on Feb. 9. The competing yachts represented the Poughkeepsie and Shrewsbury Ice Yacht clubs, the former being the holder of and the latter the challenger for the pennant. Last year the Avalanche won the pennant from the New Hamburg Club, and later in the season in a subsequent race the Jack Frost won it. The following yachts started: Jack Frost, Capt. Archibald Rogers; Icicle, Commodore J. A. Roosevelt; Eolus, Capt. Norman Wright; Northern Light, Capt. J. C. Barron; Tempest, Capt. E. Fields; Idler, Capt. G. Coley; Gracie, Capt. Smith; Haze, Capt. Dick Kilgint; Dreadnaught, Capt. Chas. Thockmorton; Avalanche, Capt. E. H. Sanford; Jessie B., Capt. Lum, and Uncle Bob, Capt. Hubbard. The Haze won, and upon the completion of the race, Commodore Roosevelt handed the pennant to Dick Knight. The streamer, which is red, white and blue, with "Champion Ice-Yachting Pennant of America" on it in gold letters, was hoisted to the Haze's mast-head, and she sailed away, followed by a thousand yelling boys. It was estimated, that in sailing the twenty-mile course, the boats covered 53 miles, which was done by the Haze in 1h 5m 33s, and by the Dreadnaught in 1h 5m 56s.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: Henry Jacoby, James B. Ayers, James Corcoran, Robt. Henry, Mexico; The Allen, Pop Whitaker, John S. Cunningham, Pay-Director U. S. Navy; W. J. Elliott, Grand View Hotel, Pelham Bridge; John Walsh, of Birmingham, England, who recently fought Dominick McCaffrey; Tom McAlpine, Matsada Sorakichi, Funny Cooke, Johnny Kelly, Paddy Lee, Young Bendoff, of London, England; Mike Henry, Jimmy Murray, Luke Welsh, James J. O'Brien, of Brooklyn; J. Fletcher, Frank E. Davis, Montclair, N. J.; A. G. Hancock, of Kansas City; Alexander T. McGuire, Robert Smith, John Dempsey, Harry Force, Wm. Madden, Joseph Elliott, Mark Maguire, Adam Balzer, William Orres, William Whalen, Frank Chrysler, Hial Stoddard, Jack Herbert, John Hughes, the walker; Jas. D. Lathrop, Tommy Ray, Young Bibby, James Osborn, owner of the champion bull-dog "Boxer;" Steve O'Donnell, Wm. F. McCoy, Nathan Lovell (Young Nixey), Jack Welsh, of Scranton; Tommy Barnes, Barney Maguire, Jack Files, of Chicago; John J. Flynn, Jack McMahers, of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club; Thos. Delaney, who beat W. F. George, the English amateur champion, in a ten-mile race at Madison Square Garden; Capt. James C. Daly, Neal P. McCafferty, of Oregon; Prof. Wm. McClellan, John Kiernan, of Jersey City; Ned Mallahan, Edwin Bibby, John Fielding, the comedian; Henry W. Peckham, J. Kiernan, Geo. Phillips, C. Glynn, Frank Stevenson, Dick Stewart, Hattie Stewart, champion female boxer; Thos. A. Lynch, Ed. O'Connor, Harry James, amateur champion pugilist; D. Keller, Matthew Moore, Bob Smith, Jem Goode, Dick Hollywood, Tom Davis, Charley Rowell, Dennis Costigan, George D. Noremac, James Hanley, Dan Foster.

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Dr. W. H. PARMELEE, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."



Gus Hill, the champion club-swinging of the world, is playing with the New York "Police Gazette" Specialty Company. They appeared at Hartford, Conn., last week, and turned people away.

Wm. H. Carroll, the famous sporting man of Wilmington, Del., has opened a first-class sporting saloon, 102 East Front street, Wilmington, Del. He intends to call his saloon the "Police Gazette" Sporting House. Carroll is very popular, and will do well.

At the sixth annual meeting of the Keystone Rowing Club, of Philadelphia, Feb. 4, it was unanimously resolved to change the name to that of the "Item Rowing and Athletic Club," owing to other organizations having laid claim to the title of "Keystone." The following officers were elected to serve during 1884: President, Col. Fitzgerald; Vice-president, J. Marion Pollock; Treasurer, J. P. Campbell; Secretary, W. H. Wells; Captain, Harrington Fitzgerald.

Trenton may fairly claim to possess the most clever oyster opener in the country. John Seeds beat the best record previously given to the public for cracking 500. His time was 23m and 30s. The match was between Seeds and Frank Cabine, for \$50 a side and the championship of the State. The contest proved the most exciting sporting event that Trenton has known in years. It came off in Turner Hall, Trenton, N. J., on Feb. 6, and the building was packed. Seeds won, and his five-hundredth oyster was cracked in 23m 30s from the time of starting. Cabine had still 109 unopened. The best previous record was 500 in 24m 18s, made by George Schillman, in Philadelphia, when he defeated George A. Beach for the championship. The latter has challenged Seeds to crack from 100 to 1,000 oysters for from \$100 to \$1,000 a side.

FRED. PLAISTED has written a letter to a friend in this city, in which he just piles "the agony on" at Hanlan. All of Fred's present comments upon the champion are the outgrowth of the "dead shake" that Hanlan gave Plaisted at Washington last spring while he was preparing for the Kennedy race. Plaisted will never forgive him for that, and many people believe him justified in cherishing such feelings. The latest comment from Fred. was to the effect that "he had his opinion of any champion sculler that would shave off his mustache at the behest of a threatened manager and a paltry sum of money," which is very unbecoming in the usually clever Fred., for all the oarsmen know that the present leading sporting man of Pittsburg puts to a practical use every legitimate means to gather the shekels in, even if he don't retain them.

JOHN HUGHES, the Dangerous Blacksmith, attempted to stand up 4 rounds before Dominick McCaffrey, at Harry Hill's theatre, on Feb. 14. Hughes weighs 190 lbs., and stands 5 ft 8 in. He was no match for McCaffrey. The following explains the mill: In the first round McCaffrey was on the defensive, and retreated when Hughes would advance and strike at him; but the latter was short at every attempt, and the round closed with but one effective blow being struck, and that was a right-hander by McCaffrey. The second round Hughes commenced operations by leading at Mac's head, but he missed, and in an instant after was on his back from a right-hander full in the face, and during the round he was out-fought at every point, receiving several heavy right-handers in the face and left side of the head, getting in only two himself on Mac's mouth and his left jaw. Hughes was knocked down again, and this closed the second round. The fighting in the third round was all in favor of McCaffrey, who seemed to plant heavy right-handers on Hughes' head whenever he chose, and get away from punishment every time. In the fourth round McCaffrey knocked Hughes all over the stage and in among the scenery, where he administered such heavy doses of destruction that Hughes became helpless and the police rushed on the stage and stopped McCaffrey from administering any further punishment. The last round lasted only 2m 25s. McCaffrey is a very clever boxer, a hard hitter, and it will take a very good man to "best him" in the ring, either with gloves or the naked hands.

A WRESTLING match between Prof. Miller and Messrs. Blackburn and Thomas came off at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on Jan. 8, and after a prolonged contest resulted in a draw, as, owing to the time occupied in *finishing* on the part of the men, in their anxiety to obtain an advantageous hold, there was not time to finish the contest before the theatre was required for the usual evening performance. Superiority was to be shown by the best out of nine falls, Miller's two opponents tackling him alternately. The result was that of the six falls which were decided, Miller obtained three and his two antagonists three also. There was a very large attendance, and during the earlier portion of the contest considerable interest was manifested in it. As time wore on, however, the performance became somewhat monotonous, and toward its close lost interest through the probability of their not being time enough to finally decide it. The wrestling was in what was described in the challenge as the mixed Græco-Roman and Border styles, and was very fairly conducted. The men were in first-class condition, Miller's weight being 15 stone, Blackburn's 13 stone 7 lbs., and Thomas' 10 stone 7 lbs. Moos, Victor acted as referee, and Mr. Candell as time-keeper. Blackburn was the first to tackle Miller, and after a twenty-minute contest, succumbed to the champion, who in turn soon went down to Thomas. Blackburn threw Miller next time, and then the champion got the best of Thomas, thus equalizing matters. Blackburn got the fifth fall; Miller once more making the score level by throwing Thomas in the next round. Considerable time had been taken up with each contest, and the seventh one, between Miller and Blackburn, lasted until the theatre was required by the management, nearly three-quarters of an hour having elapsed since the commencement. It was decided that the men should meet at the Sportsman office next afternoon to decide in what way the contest shall be finally settled.

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## A PRIVATE BATTLE IN A PUBLIC STREET.

THE WHOLESALE SHOOTING AFFRAY AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK., BROUGHT ABOUT BY A FEUD BETWEEN GAMBLERS, WHICH RESULTED IN THE KILLING AND WOUNDING OF SEVERAL OF THE PARTICIPANTS AND TWO INNOCENT SPECTATORS.